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ON HIS DRAWINGS BY THE LATE
J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

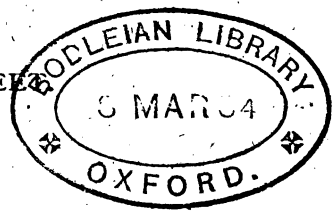
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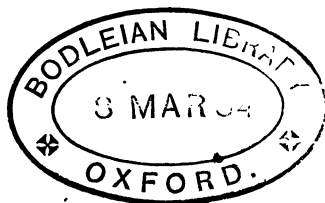
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INTRODUCTION.

THE following main facts respecting the tenour of Turner's life and work may be depended upon, and should be kept in mind, as they are evidenced by, or illustrate, the pieces of his art here shown.

He was born on St. George's Day in 1775. He produced no work of importance till he was past twenty ;—working constantly, from the day he could hold a pencil, in steady studentship, with gradually increasing intelligence, and, fortunately for him, rightly guided skill. His true master was Dr. Munro :—to the practical teaching of that first patron, and the wise simplicity of the method of water-colour study in which he was disciplined by him, and companioned by Girtin, the healthy and constant development of the youth's power is primarily to be attributed. The greatness of the power itself, it is impossible to over-estimate. As in my own advancing life I learn more of the laws of noble art, I recognize faults in Turner to which once I was blind ; but only as I recognize also powers which my boy's enthusiasm did but disgrace by its advocacy.

In the summer of 1797, when he was two-and-

twenty, he took, if not actually his first journey, certainly the first with fully prepared and cultivated faculties, into Yorkshire and Cumberland.

In the following year he exhibited ten pictures in the Royal Academy, to one of which he attached the first poetical motto he ever gave to a picture. The subject of it was "Morning among the Coniston Fells," and the lines chosen for it, these,—(Milton's):

"Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill, or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author, rise."

As I write the words, (12th February, 1878, in the 80th year since the picture was exhibited), I raise my eyes to these Coniston Fells, and see them, at this moment imaged in their lake, in quietly reversed and perfect similitude, the sky cloudless above them, cloudless beneath, and two level lines of blue vapour drawn across their sun-lighted and russet moorlands, like an azure fesse across a golden shield.

The subjects of the other pictures exhibited in that year, 1798, had better be glanced at in order, showing as they do the strong impression made on his mind by the northern hills, and their ruins.

WENSLEYDALE.

DUNSTANBOROUGH CASTLE.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

INTRODUCTION.

NORHAM CASTLE.

HOLY ISLAND CATHEDRAL.

AMBLESIDE MILL.

BUTTERMERE LAKE.

THE FERN HOUSE, MICKLEHAM, SURREY.

Four of the pencil drawings, exhibited here among the illustrative sketches, were, I doubt not, made on this journey.

The first group of drawings, 1 to 6, belong to the time of his schooling and show the method of it completely. For simplicity in memory it will be wise, and practically and broadly true, to consider this period as extending to the close of the century, over the first twenty-five years of Turner's life. In 1800 he exhibited his first sacred and epic picture, the "Fifth Plague of Egypt," and his established work and artist-power begin.

It is usual, and I have hitherto complied with the general impression on this matter in my arrangements of his work, to divide its accomplished skill into three periods, early, middle, and of decline. Of course all such arrangement is more or less arbitrary; some virtues are lost, some gained, continually; and, on the whole, the best method of understanding and clearest means of remembering the facts will be simply to divide his art-life by tens of years. The distinctions of manner belonging to each decade are approximately very notable and defined. Here is a brief view of them.

FIRST PERIOD. 1800-1810.

His manner is stern, reserved, quiet, grave in colour, forceful in hand. His mind tranquil; fixed, in physical study, on mountain subject; in moral study, on the Mythology of Homer and the Law of the Old Testament.

SECOND PERIOD. 1810-1820.

His manner becomes gentle and refined in the extreme. He perceives the most subtle qualities of natural beauty in form and atmosphere; for the most part denying himself colour. His execution is unrivalled in precision and care. His mind fixed chiefly on the loveliness of material things; morally, on the passing away of human life, as a cloud, from the midst of them.

THIRD PERIOD. 1820-1830.

A great change gradually takes place, owing to some evil chances of his life, in his moral temper. He begins, after 1825, to exert and exhibit his power wantonly and irregularly, the power itself always increasing, and complete colour being now added to his scale in all conception. His handling becomes again more masculine, the refined work being reserved for particular passages. He forms, in this period, his own complete and individual manner as a painter.

FOURTH PERIOD. 1830-1840.

He produces his most wonderful work in his own special manner,—in the perfect pieces of it, insuperable. It was in this period that I became aware of his power. My first piece of writing on his works was a letter, intended for the papers, written in defence of the picture of “Juliet and her Nurse,” exhibited in 1836 (when I was seventeen). The following pictures are examples of his manner at this period, none of them, unhappily, now in anything like perfect preservation, but even in their partial ruin, marvellous. (The perfect pieces which I have called insuperable are the drawings made in the same years, of which examples are given in the collection.)

CHILDE HAROLD	<i>Exhibited in</i> 1832
THE GOLDEN BOUGH	1834
MERCURY AND ARGUS	1836
JULIET AND HER NURSE	1836
SHYLOCK (THE RIALTO OF VENICE) (once mine)	1837
HERO AND LEANDER	1837
VAL D'AOSTA (AVALANCHE)	1837
PHRYNE	1838
MODERN ITALY	1838
THE SLAVE-SHIP (once mine)	1838
THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE	1838

FIFTH AND LAST PERIOD. 1840-1850.

Virtually, the works belonging to this period are limited to the first five years of it. His health, and

with it in great degree his mind, failed suddenly in the year 1845. He died in 1851. The paintings of these five closing years are, to the rest of his work, what Count Robert of Paris and Castle Dangerous are to the Waverley Novels. But Scott's mind failed slowly, by almost imperceptible degrees ; Turner's suddenly with snap of some vital chord in 1845. The work of the first five years of the decade is in many respects supremely, and with *reviving* power, beautiful. The "Campo Santo, Venice," 1842, and the "Approach to Venice," 1844, were, when first painted, the two most beautiful pieces of colour that I ever saw from his hand, and the noblest drawings in the present series are of the years 1842 and 1843.

Morning breaks as I write, along those Coniston Fells, and the level mists, motionless and grey beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods, and the sleeping village, and the long lawns by the lake-shore.

Oh, that some one had but told me, in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colours and clouds, that appear for a little while and then vanish away, how little my love of them would serve me, when the silence of lawn and wood in the dews of morning should be completed ; and all my thoughts should be of those whom, by neither, I was to meet more !

BRANTWOOD, 12th February, 1878.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE drawings here shown are divided into groups, not chronological merely, but referred to the special circumstances or temper of mind in which they were produced. Their relation to the five periods of Turner's life, which are defined in the Introduction, is, therefore, a subdivided one, and there are ten groups of drawings illustrating the six periods, in the manner shown in this table.

Divisions in the Introduction.	Divisions in the Catalogue.
SCHOOL DAYS, 1775-1800.	GROUP I. 1775-1800.
1st PERIOD, 1800-1810.	GROUP II. 1800-1810.
2nd PERIOD, 1810-1820.	GROUP III. 1810-1820.
3rd PERIOD, 1820-1830	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">Before change.</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">GROUP IV. 1820-1825.</div> </div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">During change.</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">GROUP V. 1825-1830.</div> </div> </div>
4th PERIOD, 1830-1840	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">Best England drawings.</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">GROUP VI. 1830-1840.</div> </div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">Most highly finished vignettes, &c.</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">GROUP VII. 1830-1840.</div> </div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">Best France drawings.</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">GROUP VIII. 1830-1840.</div> </div>
5th PERIOD, 1840-1845	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">Best Alpine sketches.</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">GROUP IX. 1840-1845.</div> </div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">Finished drawings in realization of them for friends.</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">GROUP X. 1840-1845.</div> </div>

FIRST GROUP. SCHOOL DAYS,
1775-1800.

I.

THE DOVER MAIL.

A drawing of his earliest boyhood, deeply interesting in the number of the elements of his character already shown to be determined.

First, A. his interest in sailors, and in such conditions of lower English life as were connected with them; not jesting with it, like Marryat or Dickens, but giving, so far as he could, the mere facts of it, I do not know with what personal feeling about them, how far, that is to say, the interest was joyful, how far regretful, and how far morbid. I shall return presently to this question. See No. 36.

B. The perfect power already attained over the means at his disposal. It is impossible to lay a flat wash of water-colour better than this sky is laid.

C. Perception of qualities of size, and aerial distance, the castle being already treated with almost as much sense of its vastness, and pale hue in distance, as ever was shown in his central work.

D. Love of mist, and gradations of vanishing form: see the way he dwells on the effect of the dust from the coach-wheels.

E. Perfectly decisive drawing of whatever is seen, no slurring of outline, and the effect of the dust itself got, not by rubbing out, but by pure painting.¹

F. Conventional touch for trees; taught to the boy by his masters: conquered gradually as we shall see, by his own intense veracity, but never wholly, even to the end of life. No bad habit of youth ever can be, and I give this drawing so much importance, in description, because it shows a quite unthought of fact in human nature, that all a *man* is, (as with a crow or a duckling,) *was* in the shell of him, mental vulgarity and all! The moral question of his life is, what of this good in him you can, *get at* and nourish; what of the bad, chain down.

2. TUNBRIDGE CASTLE. (Oxford Rudimentary Series.)

An example of the constant method of Turner's study, in early youth. He soon found that the yellow and blue he had been taught to use were false, and worse than useless: he cast all colour aside for a while, and worked only for form and light; not light *and shade* observe; but only graduated *light*, showing everything in the clearest and loveliest way he could. Shade proper, with its hiding and terror, was at present ignored by him altogether. Amateurs and artists of lower power are constantly betrayed into it by their inability to draw, and their love of strong and cheaply got sensation. The little bit of reflected light under the bridge, and half tone over the boats in this drawing, is worth any quantity of sensational etchings.

¹ I am advised by a friend and good judge that this is not so. It does not matter, however—all his beautiful mist effects in the fine drawings are unquestionably got by pure painting.

The material is, I believe, Prussian blue with British ink. See illustrative sketch, No. 80.

3. PONT ABERGLASLYN.

A drawing of the same period, showing his incipient notions of mountain form. Again note (as showing his early love of mystery, carrying it right up into his foreground,) the smoke on the left hand, painted, or rather, left *unpainted*, with deliberate skill, not rubbed or washed out.

4. BERGAMO. (Oxford Rudimentary Series.)

This wonderful little drawing is the earliest example I can give of the great distinctive passion of Turner's nature ; the one which separates him from all other modern landscapists,—his sympathy with sorrow, deepened by continual sense of the power of death. All other recent work is done either in happy perception of natural beauty, or in morbid enjoyment of the sensation of grief ; Turner alone works in a grief he would escape from, but cannot.

It is this inner feeling which, added to his perception of what was wise in practice, kept his colour dark and grave so long. This little drawing was evidently made before he had ever been abroad. It is an endeavour to realize his impressions of Italy, from some other person's sketch : the Alps, with the outline of Sussex downs, and the small square-built Bergamo, enough show this ; but the solemnity of feeling in the colour and simple design of it, as in the prominence of the shrine on the hill against the sky, are unfound in any of his later works.

The touch is singularly broad : it was already becoming his practice to exercise himself, if usually in the minutest, often in the boldest execution ; the latter being his ideal of method in heroic work.

5. RUINED ABBEY. *Unfinished.* (Oxford Educational Series.)

There are many drawings of this class in the National Gallery ; few out of it ; and of those few, it would be difficult to find one more perfectly demonstrative of the method of Turner's work. I can never get the public to believe, nor, until they believe it, can they ever understand, the grasp of a great master's mind, that, as in fresco, so in water-colour, there can be no retouching after your day's work is done ; if you know what you want, you can do it at once, *then* ; and if you don't, you cannot do it at all. There is absolute demonstration in this and at least fifty other such unfinished pieces in the National Gallery, that Turner did his work bit by bit, finishing at once, and sure of his final harmony. When a given colour was needed over the whole picture, he would, of course, lay it over all at once and then go on with detail, over that, as he does here over white paper. I gave the drawing to the Oxford Schools to be used in examination, a copy of it being required as a test of skill.

6. BOAT-BUILDING.

By patient labour, like that in No. 5, the youth at last attains such power as we see here. Utmost delicacy, with utmost decision. Take a lens to it, you will find the teeth of the saw in the carpenter's hand, and the blocks of the shrouds, in the distant vessels. Yet the gradation of the interior of the boat is given with one dash of colour, carefully managed while wet, and the harmony of the whole is perfect. The sky is singularly tender and lovely.

Nothing more to be learned now in ways of doing : it is time for us to see what we have to do.

SECOND GROUP. THE ROCK FOUNDATIONS, SWITZERLAND, 1800-1810.

7.

LAKE OF THUN FROM NEUHAUS.

The Niesen dark in centre; the group of the Stockhorn in light, in the distance.

This drawing begins the series which I hold myself greatly fortunate in possessing, of studies illustrative of the first impression made on Turner's mind by the Alps.

To most men of the age (he was at this time five-and-twenty) they are entirely delightful and exhilarating: to *him* they are an unbroken influence of gloomy majesty, making him thenceforth of entirely solemn heart in all his work, and giving him conceptions of the vastness and rock-frame of the earth's mass, which afterwards regulated his design, down even to a roadside bank.

Six out of the nine drawings in this group are studies, not made on the spot, but records, for future use, of the actual impression received on the spot; to be afterwards completed into a drawing, if required.

And observe generally, Turner never, after this time, drew from nature without *composing*. His lightest pencil sketch was the plan of a picture, his completest study on the spot, a part of one. But he rarely painted on the spot;—he looked, gathered, considered;—then painted the sum of what he had gained, up to the point necessary for due note of it—and, much more of the impression, since that would pass, than of the scene, which would remain.

The Niesen and Stockhorn might be completely drawn at any time; but his vision of them amidst their thunder-clouds, and his impression of the stormy

lake, with the busy people at its shore, careless of storm or calm, was to be kept. And kept it was, to his latest day, realized first completely in the "Lake of Thun," of the *Liber Studiorum*.

The study itself, however, is far inferior to most of his work ; the mountain is curiously heavy and over-charged in darkness ; there is, perhaps, scarcely another of his drawings showing this fault to such a degree ; but he was not yet well on his guard against it, and was working chiefly with a view to gain power. Hence the blackness of the Calais Pier, and other oil paintings of this time.

8. VEVAY.

A few of the backs of the houses of the lovely old village, as they used to rise out of the lake,—the sun setting over Jura in the distance. Inestimable in its quiet tone, and grandeur of form perceived in simple things ; already he shows the full passion for the mystery of light, which was to be the characteristic influence of his future art.

The drawing is otherwise interesting as a very clear example of his practice at this time in dark drawings, manufacturing his own tinted paper with a wash of grey, and taking out the lights.

9. GENEVA.

This is a finished drawing, yet made more or less experimentally, in preparation for the large one, No. 70, under which I shall give account of both.

10. BONNEVILLE, SAVOY.

A quite stupendous study, recording, probably, Turner's first impression as he drew near the great Alps. He painted it again and again, but none of the more finished realizations approach the majesty

of this sketch, which adds to all its other merits that of being literally true. The grand old keep on the right with round towers at the angles, stood till within the last ten years, and was then pulled down for such use as its stones and ground would serve for ; the more extensive ruins on the farther crag were about the same time bought by an "avocat" of the place, and cleared away, he building for himself a villa with a roof in the style of a Chinese pagoda, where the main tower had been. It does not in the least matter to the British public, who rarely stop now at Bonneville even for lunch ; and never look at anything on the road to it, being told there is nothing to be seen till they get to Chamouni.

To me it once mattered not a little, for I used to pass months and months at Bonneville climbing among the ravines of the Mont Vergi ; but shall, probably, never be there again : so now *I* need not mind, neither.

In all points of composition and execution, this drawing is insuperable, as an example of Turner's grandest manner, nor has any painter in the world ever rivalled it in calm reserve of resource, and measured putting forth of strength. Mountains, properly speaking, never had been drawn before at all, and will, probably, never be drawn so well again.

11. THE AIGUILLETTE. *First Study.*

The peak forming the central subject in this drawing is the termination of a range of limestone crags, joining the Aiguille de Varens on the north, and forming a seeming pinnacle above this ravine, which descends into the valley of the Arve between the Nant d'Arpenaz and village of Maglans.

The little bridge and cottage stood exactly as Turner has drawn them, in my young days. The

sketch has been quite literal ; only afterwards Turner was vexed with the formality of the gable, and rubbed out a minor one in white—only its place suggested—the other still showing through. The cottage is now gone ; the bridge would scarcely be noticed, the diligence road goes over so many like it. Note especially that Turner at *this* time of his work does not make things more picturesque than they are, in first sketching them ; there is no coaxing or breaking the simple masonry of the commonplace arch.

12. THE AIGUILLETTE. *Finished Drawing.*

But here, when he completes the composition for a perfect rendering of his impression of the Valley of Cluse, he bends and breaks it a little, making it, so, really more true to the spirit of the place ; for the bridges generally *are* curved or broken in and out a little, and this one is rare in its formality.

This drawing has been made at least five years later than the sketch ; the power of drawing animals having been perfected in the meanwhile (of which presently). It is unique, to my present knowledge, in grave purity and majestic delicacy among the drawings of this period. His memory fastens intensely on the first impression of the pastoral mountains, and the change, under the power of Hermes, of the white cloud on the hill into the white flocks in the valley.

He was always fond of the junction of streams ; at the right hand, in the lower corner of the drawing, the strong eddies of the Arve itself mingle with the calm of the waters of the little brook ending their course. The stones through which these eddies flow indicate, by their sloping cleavage, that they are a part of the great rock system over which the cascade falls in the middle distance.

The harmony of blue and warm brown, constant in his finest early work, is here perfected. The blue of the shadowy cloud cannot be lovelier, the warm colour is concentrated by the little pitcher and horse saddle (see how little is enough!), and all thrown into light and air by the black dog.

Look carefully, and with magnifying glass, at the crowded sheep.

13. THE GLACIER DES BOSSONS.

Fierce, fresh sketch, colossal in power. Directed chiefly to show the looseness of the huge tumbled blocks of moraine, and the distortion of the bent trees. The leaving the outline of the ice clear with one wash is especially characteristic of him.

This drawing has been touched with chalky white, not easily seen, except in side light; but the ice-drawing is much dependent on it.

Observe in this and the Bonneville (No. 10), that Turner is no slave to method, but unhesitatingly uses two methods when there are two textures. In both, he takes the rough near lights out roughly, and lays the light on the snow and ice smoothly. But he would only allow himself this licence in sketching. His finished work is always consistent in method, either all transparent (as No. 12) or all opaque (as No. 29). The two white parasols in No. 33 are literally the only instance known to me of his using body-white in a transparent drawing, and, I doubt not, then only because he had scratched the paper too thin to trust it.

14. FORTIFIED PASS IN THE VAL D'AOSTA.

Perfectly true to the place, about ten miles below Cormayeur, and a quite stupendous piece of drawing power. Note the way the outline of the foreground

bush is left by the black blot of shadow, and then the whole bush created by two scratches for stems.

This scene impressed him greatly. He amplified it first into a drawing for Mr. Fawkes, and then for exhibition (alas) into the large water colour (the "Battle of Fort Rock") now in the National Gallery, which, however, is an inferior work, terribly forced and conventionalized.

15. IN THE VAL D'AOSTA.

I am not quite sure if I am right in the name of this village; its remnant of (Roman?) bridge is I think some eight or ten miles above Ivrea. It has been erroneously sometimes called Narni. See No. 19.

This drawing is one of the first efforts which Turner made to give Italian classical character to the landscape of the South Alps, and to impose his former refinement on his recent impressions of mountain power. It fails in many respects, especially in the ludicrous figure; he was not yet able to draw either the figure, or even animals with skill; and nearly all his power vanishes in the effort to discipline and conventionalize it: the drawing is entirely transitional,—an example of the effort by which he fought up to the power of doing work like that of No. 13, a much later drawing, though I am obliged, for its relation to No. 12, to put the last first.

In both, however, the trees are still very rudely drawn, and it took some four or five years more to develop his strength into the serene splendour in which he produced the great series of Italian designs which we have next to examine.

THIRD GROUP. DREAMLAND, ITALY,
1810-1820.

16.

ISOLA BELLA, LAGO MAGGIORE.

Here begins a series which expresses the mind of Turner in its consummate power, but not yet in its widest range. Ordering to himself still the same limits in method and aim, he reaches, under these conditions, the summit of excellence, and of all these drawings there is but one criticism possible—they “cannot be better done.” Standards of exquisitest landscape art, the first of such existent among men, and unsurpassable.

We begin with the simplest, apparently ; perhaps, if we had time to analyze it, the most wonderful in reality ; its charm of harmony being reached through such confusion of form, and its charm of poetry through such poverty of material. Flower-pots, pedestals of statues, and gravel walks, chiefly ; for the statues themselves are, in the reality, commonest garden ornaments, nor otherwise here represented. But the sense of calm sunshine, of peace and purity in the distant hills, and of orderly human affection at rest in playful artifice among them, render the drawing, to myself, a very chiefly valued possession.

17. TURIN, FROM THE CHURCH OF THE SUPERGA.

One of the most interesting compositions here, in its demonstration of Turner's first principle of carrying his masses by other masses.¹ (Compare 33.) He learned it, without doubt, from Titian and Veronese ; adopting their architecture as his ideal ;

¹ Putting the figures here as definitely for the foundation of the pillars as a Lombard would put his dragon sculptures.

but, for *his* foundations, such figures as he saw, here on one side, beggars, attendant now always in the portico of palace or church. Beyond the city, the straight road through the plain was a principal object in Turner's mind, the first fifteen miles of approach to the pass of the Cenis.

The inlaid diamond-shaped mosaics in the pavement, which complete the perspective of the distance, are his own invention. The portico is in reality paved with square slabs of marble only.

18. FLORENCE, FROM FIESOLE.

Showing the enormous advance made in his tree drawing, since the thorny branches of No. 12 and No. 15. But chiefly, this piece is notable for the tenderness of its distant undulating hills; carried out with subtlety of tint and perfectness of form, quite undreamt of before Turner saw it.

He had great sympathy at this time with monks; and always drew them reverently and well. The little bend of wall within which they are placed is not really a part of the Franciscans' garden, but one of the turns of the road in the ascent to Fiesole.

19. THE BRIDGE OF NARNI.

The railroad between Perugia and Rome now passes along the opposite bank of the river, the station being just outside the picture, to the right; few travellers, as they pass, getting even a glimpse of the grand ruin of the Roman bridge, still less of the mediæval one just above.

Turner's mind, at this time, was in such quiet joy of power, that he not so much wilfully as inevitably, ignored all but the loveliness in every scene he drew. This river is, in truth, here neither calm nor pure; it is the white and sulphurous Nar of which Virgil uses the name and the image, in the great line which,

with its deep, redoubled full vowels, imitates the trumpet call of the Fury.

Audiit et Triviæ longè lacus, audiit amnis,
Sulfuræ Nar albus aquæ, fontesque Velini.

(Compare, by the way, for the Virgilian art—

—longa canoros

Dant per colla modos; sonat amnis, et Asia longè
 Pulsa palus.)

Assuming, however, that the stream is to be calm and clear, a more lovely study of water-surface does not exist. Note again Turner's sympathy with monastic life, in the way he leads the eye by the bright trees to the convent on the hill, seen through the ruined Roman arch.

20. THE FALLS OF TERNI.

"Fontesque Velini," themselves. Probably the most perfect piece of waterfall-drawing in existence. The Reichenbach at Farnley and the High Fall of Tees run it hard; but they both break more into foam, which is comparatively easy; while the subtlety of the drawing of the massy veil of water here shadowing the cliff is beyond all other conquest of difficulty supreme. For pure painting of light and mist also I know nothing like it, the rock drawing through the spray showing that the work is all straightforward, there is no sponging.

The public seem to agree with me in their estimate of this drawing. I had to give 500 guineas¹ for it at Christie's.

21. ROME, FROM THE MONTE MARIO.

The Turner drawings of Rome, and Tivoli, made in the first enthusiasm of his art, and with a devotion

¹ And more, but I forget exactly how much.

to his subject, which arose from a faith in classic tradition and classic design quite inconceivable to the dilettante temper of the modern connoisseur, will in future be held precious among European treasures of art, not only because they are the subtlest pieces of point-work executed since the best days of the Florentines, but the most accurate pieces of topography extant, either among architects or engineers, of the central city of the world.

This little drawing represents, within its compass of $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $5\frac{1}{2}$, every principal building in Rome, in Turner's time, so far as they could be seen from this point; and that with such earnestness and accuracy that if you take a lens of good power to it, you will find even the ruinous masonry of the arches of the Coliseum distinctly felt and indicated.

The most accomplished gem engraving shows no finer work, and, in landscape drawing, not the slightest attempt has ever been made to match it.

22. NEMI.

No less true, this, than the Rome; but with clearer and lovelier light; and a sense of whatever is most beautiful and awful in the repose of volcanic Italy, which stayed in his mind for ever, forming all his thoughts of Fate and life. The skipping goats are meant for opposition to this key-note of beautiful terror.

Consummate in all ways. I have never seen, and would give much to see, the Hakewill drawing of La Riccia: but, unless that beats it, this is the loveliest of the series.

For example of Turner's execution, see how the light tree is left, as he finishes the distant lake and crag; and note, with lens, that the houses of the village on the right are painted *before* the sea horizon,

which is laid in afterwards with a wash that stops short before touching the houses.

23. VESUVIUS CALM.

With the Nemi, my Hakewill possessions end, (to my extreme discontent), but this drawing is of the same time, and no less exquisite in work, perhaps surpassing all in qualities of delicate mist.

As a composition, it is interesting in bringing us first clearly acquainted with a principle of Turner's, of which as we go on we shall see numerous instances, always to repeat a form which had become too conspicuous, and to divert the eye from it. The duplicate sails, made here so conspicuous on both sides, are thus introduced entirely to divert the eye from the too distinct duplicity of the mountain cone. Compare notes on No. 33, p. 35 ; No. 39, p. 41 ; and No. 50, p. 46.

24. VESUVIUS ANGRY.

I am very thankful to possess these companion drawings, but chiefly this one, because the engraving from it was the first piece of Turner I ever saw. It was published by Smith and Elder in their annual, "Friendship's Offering," when I was a mere boy ; and what between my love of volcanoes, and geology,—my delight in Miss Edgeworth's story of "The Little Merchants,"—and my unconscious sense of real art, I used to feast on that engraving every evening for months, and return to it again and again for years, before I knew anything either about drawing, or Turner, or myself. It is a most valued possession to me now, also, because it proves irrefragably that Turner was *reserving* his power, while he made all these tender and beautiful drawings ; that he had already within himself the volcano of fiercer fire ; and that it was no change of principle or

temper, but the progressive expression of his entire mind, which led him, as life wore on, to his so-called "extravagant" work, of which more presently : in the meantime observe that the execution of this terrific subject is just as pure and quiet as that of the lake of Nemi, and the complex drawing of the volcanic cloud finished with the precision of a miniature.¹

A good objection was made to the design by my keenly thoughtful friend, W. Kingsley. He said that he believed Turner had never seen an eruption ; if he had, he would have made the falling ashes obscure the flame. I think we may receive the scene, however, as one of instantaneous renewed eruption. The ashes will be down on us in half a minute more, but, till that curtain falls, we can see clearly.

FOURTH GROUP. REALITY. ENGLAND AT REST.

25.

HEYSHAM (VILLAGE OF), LANCASTER BAY AND CUMBERLAND HILLS IN THE DISTANCE.

This lovely drawing, with the group it introduces, shows the state of Turner's mind in its first perfect grasp of English scenery, entering into all its humblest details with intense affection, and shrinking from no labour in the expression of this delight, not only in the landscape but the sky, which is always more lovely in his English drawings than in any other.

¹ For this drawing, and its companion, Turner had fifteen guineas each. I was obliged, at Christie's, to give three hundred, and odd, for "The Calm," and two hundred and fifty for "The Anger."

I cannot strictly date the Yorkshire series, but in general temper and power they are slightly in advance of the Hakewill: the foliage more free, rich and marvellous in composition; the effects of mist more varied and true, the rock and hill drawing insuperable; the skies exquisite in complex form, his first and most intense cloud painting. (In this Heysham there is more design, and more work, in the sky alone than would make a dozen of common water-colour drawings; compare No. 32, page 34.) and all this done without losing for a moment the sincere simplicity of the wild country and homely people, in any morbid or strained idealization.

26. EGGLESTONE ABBEY.

One of the finest of the series in its foliage: notable also for intense truth to the spot: the little brooklet and dingle joining the Tees on the right being not even the least displaced to bring them within the picture.

I fear the drawing is much faded; I never saw it in its freshness, but suppose the distant foliated arches of the abbey were once far more distinct. The effect was always, however, one of misty diffused sunshine: and the simple colours have changed so harmoniously that I find in their faintness more to discover through mystery than to surrender as lost.

The cluster of foliage in the foreground will be seen to have been much altered before he got it to his mind, and will serve to show how easily his alterations may be detected; the tall trees on the left in their perfect freshness of straightforward execution serve for ready means of comparison.

27. RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

A favourite subject with him: painted twice also in the England series. The most beautiful of the

three drawings, after engraving its outline carefully for "Modern Painters," I gave to Cambridge, where it now leads the series of Turners in the Fitzwilliam Museum. The second subject, though a lovely drawing, I got provoked with for having a manufactory in it; (alas, the entire scene is now destroyed by a complete inferno of manufactory at the base of the Castle!) and allowed Mr. Gambart to get it from me; this last one, I don't think anybody is likely to get, while I live. There is no more lovely rendering of old English life; the scarcely altered sweetness of hill and stream, the baronial ruin on their crag, the old-fashioned town with the little gardens behind each house, the winding walks for pleasure along the river shore—all now, in their reality, devastated by the hell-blasts of avarice and luxury.

28. FARNLEY.

I have no more drawings (I wish I had!) belonging to the published Yorkshire series. My best of all, the junction of the Greta and Tees, I gave to Oxford; and these which now follow are drawings belonging to the same period, showing the kind of work he did for the pleasure of English gentlemen, in the representation of their houses.

He visited much at this time: was of course always kindly treated, and did his utmost to please his hosts by faithful and lovely drawings of their houses.

There are no drawings by his hand finished with so great care as the good examples of this most accurately "domestic" landscape.

This drawing of Farnley Hall is an entirely characteristic one. The subject itself is by no means interesting; and would not have stayed Turner for a moment in itself, the blank broad hillside being extremely difficult to treat, and its scattered piece of wood, apparently intractable into any grace of

composition. But not a space of the park is modified: just as the trees really were set, he sets them; marks carefully the line of the drive up to the house, and then applies his whole skill to lead the eye delightedly into the finitudes of distance across the moorlands; and to find minute decoration of herbage and heath among the sandstone blocks of the foreground. There is nothing more lovely, or more true, existent by his hand.

29. THE "PEASANT'S NEST," FARNLEY.

The drawing, kindly identified by Major Fawkes, came to me with No. 9, and No. 30, from a collection in the West of England, sold in the year 1868.

It is the first example we have seen of Turner's body-colour work on grey paper, being, as before observed, totally in this manner; and not at all allowing the mixture of transparent with opaque pigment.

It will, I hope (with No. 28), put an end to the ordinary notion that Turner "could not *draw* trees." But it may very well encourage the also very ordinary, and much better founded notion, that he could not *colour* them. His dislike of fresh green is a curious idiosyncrasy in him; no drawing exists, that I know of, founded frankly on that key of colour, nor is there any evidence of his having taken any pleasure in the colours of flowers. Here, the upper foliage is grey or black, and the foreground weedy, while the real delights of such a place would have been altogether in spring-time, when all the grey trunks would have been fresh in leaf, and the primroses bright among the rocks. That the figures should be dressed only in black and white became necessary, in this subdued key of general tones: but may perhaps also suggest some reason for it, which we cannot know.

30. THE AVENUE, FARNLEY.

Nearly the same tones of colour, however, are adopted here, but a gleam of blue on the white figure completes what was always Turner's ideal of a lady's dress.

A quite magnificent sketch, but grievously injured by damp and various ill-treatment. I have no idea what the original effect was in the distance—now hopelessly darkened.

FIFTH GROUP. REALITY. ENGLAND

DISQUIETED.

31.

SUNSHINE ON THE TAMAR.

The drawings we have hitherto examined have, without exception, expressed one consistent impression on the young painter's mind, that the world, however grave or sublime in some of its moods or passions, was nevertheless constructed entirely as it ought to be; and was a fair and noble world to live in, and to draw. Waterfalls, he thought, at Terni, did entirely right to fall; mountains, at Bonneville, did entirely right to rise; monks, at Fiesole, did well to measure their hours; lovers, at Farnley, to forget them; and the calm of Vesuvius was made more lovely, as its cone more lofty, by the intermittent blaze of its volcanic fire.

But a time has now come when he recognizes that

all is not right with the world—a discovery contemporary, probably, with the more grave one that all was not right within himself. Howsoever it came to pass, a strange, and in many respects grievous metamorphosis takes place upon him, about the year 1825. Thenceforward he shows clearly the sense of a terrific wrongness and sadness, mingled in the beautiful order of the earth; his work becomes partly satirical, partly reckless, partly—and in its greatest and noblest features—tragic.

This new phase of temper shows itself first in a resolute portraiture of whatever is commonplace and matter-of-fact in life, to take its full place in opposition to the beautiful and heroic. We may trace this intent unmistakably in the "Liber Studiorum," where indeed the commonplace prevails to an extent greatly destructive of the value of the series, considered as a whole; the "Hedging and Ditching," "Watercress Gatherers," "Young Anglers," and other such plates, introducing rather discord than true opponent emotion among the grander designs of pastoral and mountain scenery. With this change of feeling came a twofold change of technical method. He had no patience with his vulgar subjects, and dashed them in with violent pencilling and often crude and coarse colour, to the general hurting of his sensitiveness in many ways; and, perhaps, the slight loss of defining power in the hand. For his beautiful subjects, he sought now the complete truth of their colour but as a part of their melancholy sentiment; and thus it came to pass that the loveliest hues, which in the hands of every other great painter express nothing but delight and purity, are with Turner wrought most richly when they are pensive; and wear with their dearest beauty the shadows of death. How far he was himself responsible for this change, and how far it was under the conditions of his London life in-

evitable—and what modern philosophers would call the development of natural law—I have no means of deciding; but, assuredly, whether faultful or fated, real conditions of error affect his work from this time forward, in consequence of which it in many respects greatly lost its influence with the public. When they see, gathered now together in one group, examples of the drawings in which the calamitous change is expressed most clearly, the public may perhaps see how in the deepest sense their own follies were the cause of all that they blamed, and of the infinitely greater all that they lost.

This first drawing, however, No. 31, does not accurately belong to the group, yet it shows already one of Turner's specially English (in the humiliating sense) points of character—that, like Bewick, he could *pigs* draw better than any other animal. There is also some trace already of Turner's constant feeling afterwards. Sunshine, and rivers, and sweet hills; yes, and who is there to see or care for them?—Only the pigs.

The drawing is in his finest manner, earlier perhaps than some of the Yorkshires.

32. WORK. DUDLEY CASTLE.

One of Turner's first expressions of his full understanding of what England was to become. Compare the ruined castle on the hill, and the church spire scarcely discernible among the moon-lighted clouds, as emblems of the passing away of the baron and the monk, with the vignette on the title-page of Bewick's *Birds*.¹

¹ Laid open on the table.

The hasty execution of the sky, almost with a few radiating sweeps of the brush, is most notable when compared with the tender work in Nos. 25 or 27. I have no doubt that at least *twice the time given to this whole drawing* of Dudley was spent on the *sky* of the Heysham alone.

As an example of rapid execution, however, the drawing is greatly admirable ; and quite faultless, to the point it intends.

33. PLAY. RICHMOND BRIDGE, SURREY.

Not so this, though in many respects a very precious drawing to me ; among other reasons, because it was the first I ever possessed ; my Father buying it for me, thinking I should not ask for another,—we both then agreeing that it had nearly everything *characteristic* of Turner in it, and more especially the gay figures !

A more wonderful or instructive piece of composition I could not have had by me ; nor was I ever weary of trying to analyze it. After thirty years' endeavour, I finally surrender that hope—with all similar hopes of ever analyzing true inventive or creative work.

One or two quite evident conditions of his artistic method may be specified, however. Among the first, the carrying his mass of foliage by the mass of figures (compare No. 17), and his resolution that, in a work meant especially for a piece of colour, there should be no *black* that did not proclaim itself as such. The parasols are put in the foreground so conspicuously, to repeat and reverse the arches of the bridge (compare notes on No. 23), and the plummy tossing of the foliage, to repeat the feather head-dresses of the figures.

Nothing can be more exquisite than the aërial foliage beyond the bridge ; but the sunshine throughout is partly sacrificed to play of colour, chiefly by the extreme yellowness of the grass, with blue shadows, while the lights on the other colours are kept cool, and the shades warm, those of the crimson shawl by the parasols being pale crimson, with the lights white.

Note again the intensely facile, though therefore most wonderful, laying in of the sky—a few sweeps of broken cobalt blue made into cumulus clouds in a moment by two or three clusters of outline-touches. In the left-hand upper corner, however, the colouring is morbid and impossible, and the whole drawing much reprehensible in its wanton power. Compare, in relation to it, Turner's rough map of the road over the bridge to Sandycombe Lodge (Illustrative Sketches, No. 101).

34. ON THE MARCH—WINCHELSEA.

Turner was always greatly interested, I never could make out why, in the low hill and humble antiquities of Winchelsea. The tower and East gate, though little more, either of them, than heaps of old stone, are yet made each a separate subject in the "Liber Studiorum," and this regiment on the march was introduced before, in an elaborate though smaller drawing of the town from a distance, made for the Southern coast. Here, the piece of thundrous light and wild hailstorm among the houses on the hill to the left is entirely grand, and so also the mingling of the shaken trees (all the grace of their foliage torn out of them by the wind) with the wild rain as they melt back into it. But he has missed his mark in the vermilions of the foreground, which fail in distinc-

tion of hues between sunlight and shade : the violently forced shadows on the field (false in form also) not redeeming the want of tone, but rather exhibiting it. He is, throughout, ill at ease, both in himself, and about the men and the camp-followers ; partly laughing the strange half-cruel, half-sorrowful laugh that we wonder at, also, so often, in Bewick : thinking of the trouble the poor fellows are getting into, drenched utterly, just as they stagger up the hill to their quarters, half dead with heat and thirst, and white with dust.

My father gave me the drawing for a birthday present, in 1840, and it used to hang in my rooms at Oxford ; no mortal would believe, and now I can scarcely understand myself, the quantity of pleasure it gave me. At that time, I loved storm, and dark weather, and soldiers. *Now*, I want blue sky, pure air, and peace.

35. LOUTH—THE HORSE FAIR.

Another drawing of what he clearly felt to be objectionable, and painted, first, as a part, and a very principal part of the English scenery he had undertaken to illustrate ; and yet more, I fear, to please the publisher, and get circulation for the book in quarters where the mere picturesque was no recommendation. He dwells (I think, ironically) on the elaborate carving of the church spire, with which the foreground interests are so distantly and vaguely connected.

36. DEVONPORT.

By comparing the groups of figures in this drawing with those in the other four which I have arranged with it (Nos. 33 to 37), and the boy's

drawing, No. 1, I think it will be seen that much of what the public were most pained by in Turner's figure drawing arose from what Turner himself had been chiefly pained by in the public. He saw, and more clearly than he knew himself, the especial forte of England in "vulgarity." I cannot better explain the word than by pointing to those groups of Turner's figures exaggerating this special quality as it manifested itself to him, either in Richmond picnics, barrack domestic life, jockey commerce, or here, finally, in the general relationships of Jack ashore. With all this, nevertheless, he had in himself no small sympathy; he liked it at once and was disgusted by it; and while he lived, in imagination, in ancient Carthage, lived, practically, in modern Margate. I cannot understand these ways of his; only be assured that what offends us in these figures was also, in a high degree, offensive to him, though he chose to paint it as a peculiarly English phenomenon, and though he took in the midst of it, ignobly, an animal English enjoyment, acknowledging it all the while to be ugly and wrong.

His sympathy with the sailor's part of it, however, is deeper than any other, and a most intimate element in his whole life and genius. No more *wonderful* drawing, take it all in all, exists, by his hand, than this one, and the sky is the most exquisite in my own entire collection of his drawings. It is quite consummately true, as all things are when they are consummately lovely. It is of course the breaking up of the warm rain-clouds of summer, thunder passing away in the west, the golden light and melting blue mingled with yet falling rain, which troubles the water surface, making it misty altogether, in the shade to the left, but gradually leaving the reflection clearer under the warm opening light. For subtle, and yet easily vigorous

drawing of the hulls of our old ships of war, study the group in the rain, no less than the rougher one on the right.

37. GOSPORT.

A delightful piece of fast sailing, whether of boats or clouds; and another of the wonderful pieces of Turner composition which are delicious in no explicable manner. It was the second drawing of his I ever possessed, and would be among the last I should willingly part with. The blue sky, exquisitely beautiful in grace of indicated motion through fast-flying white clouds, seems revealed there in pure irony; the rude figures in the boat being very definitely terrestrial and marine, but not heavenly. But with them we close our study of the Disquietudes.

SIXTH GROUP. MEDITATION. ENGLAND

PASSING AWAY.

38.

SALISBURY.

The seven drawings placed in this next following group are entirely fine examples of the series known as Turner's "England and Wales," representing his central power and dominant feelings in middle life, towards his native country.

If the reader will cast his eye down the column of their titles in the introductory table, I think he

ought to be struck by the sequence of these seven words, expressing their essential subjects :—

CATHEDRAL.

CASTLE.

CASTLE.

CASTLE.

CASTLE.

ABBEY.

ABBEY.

He may suppose at first that I myself chose these subjects owing to my love of architecture. But that is not so. They have come to me as Fate appointed, two of them, long coveted, only last year; all of them bought simply as beautiful Turner work, and not at all as representations of architecture. But so it is, that every one of the seven was composed by Turner to do honour to some of those buildings of which it is England's present boast that she needs no more. And, instead of Cathedrals, Castles, or Abbeys, the Hotel, the Restaurant, the Station, and the Manufactory must, in days to come, be the objects of her artist's worship. In the future England and Wales series, the Salisbury Terminus, the Carnarvon Buffet, the Grand Okehampton Hotel, and the United Bolton Mills will be the only objects thought deserving of portraiture. But the future England and Wales will never be painted by a Turner.

This drawing is of unsurpassable beauty in its sky, and effect of fast-flying storm and following sunbeams: it is one which also I think every lover of art should enjoy, because it represents in the sweetest way what all have seen, and what it is well within the power of painting to imitate. Few of the public now ever see a sunrise, nor can the colours of sunrise be ever represented but feebly and in many

respects inharmoniously, by art; but we all of us are sometimes out in April weather; and its soft clouds and gentle beams are entirely within the scope of Turner's enchantment and arrest. No more lovely or skilful work in water-colour exists than the execution of the distance in this drawing.

39. LANGHARNE CASTLE, COAST OF SOUTH WALES.

Described at length in "Modern Painters." Its sweeping sea is very grand; but the chief wonder of the drawing to my present mind is in the exquisite stone and ivy drawing of the grey ruin.

Among the artifices of repetition, before noticed as frequent in Turner's design, those used in this case are very notable. The castle was too simply four-square in its mass to be entirely satisfactory to him; so he shows the much more cubic packages of the wreckage, repeating the quality of masonry in them, by their cross cords and divisions; compare the oar in No. 50; and, the narrow turret and broader tower of the castle being repeated so as to catch the eye too distinctly, he *triples* them with the piece of floating mast and fore-top,—and thus diffuses their form over the drawing, as he diffused the arches of Richmond Bridge with the parasols.

40. CARNARVON CASTLE.

Quite one of the most exquisite pieces of Turner's twilight mist. Its primrose-coloured sky has been often objected to, but this is only because Turner is resolved to have the true colour in opposition to his violets, and as he cannot give the relative light, persons who look for effects of light only are always offended. But any one with real eyes for colour, who will look well into the drawing of the rosy towers, and purple mountains and clouds beyond the

Menai, will be thankful for them in their perfectness, and very glad that Turner did not what a common painter would, darken them all down to throw out his twilight.

41. FLINT CASTLE.

This is the loveliest piece of pure water-colour painting in my whole collection ; nor do I know anything elsewhere that can compare, and little that can rival, the play of light on the sea surface and the infinite purity of colour in the ripples of it as they near the sand.

The violent green and orange in the near figures are in themselves painful ; but they are of invaluable use in throwing all the green in the water, and warm colours of the castle and sky, into aërial distance ; and the effect of the light would have been impossible without them.

42. OKEHAMPTON CASTLE.

I have arranged these drawings to illustrate Turner's versatility. The contrast between the iridescent sea and misty morning woods must, it seems to me, be felt with pleasant surprise. Remember what division of subject there used to be among old painters,—how Hobbima and Both were always in thickets, Cuyp in calm fields, Vanderveelde on grey sea,—and then think how this man is woodman, or seaman, or cragsman, or eagle in cloud, at his will.

Here we have another pretty instance of the conquest by iteration. The pyramidal form of the castle mound, too conspicuous, is repeated twice over by the angular blocks of sandstone in the foreground ; and we are not compelled any more to climb it, whenever we look. The smoke of the

sportsman's shot repeats the mist on the far away hills. (I wish Turner had fallen on some gentler expedient.) The winding valley in the left-hand distance, painted with little more than a single wash, and a scratch of light through it, may be taken for example of the painter's loveliest work at speed ; but the sky is unusually careless.

43. LEICESTER ABBEY.

Every way consummate, but chiefly in the beautiful drawing of the towered wall of the moat, of the willow branches, and the stepping-stones.

The sunset and moonrise thus associated are not meant to be actually contemporaneous. Strictly, this is two pictures in one ; and we are expected to think of the whole as a moving diorama.

44. BOLTON ABBEY.

A deservedly celebrated drawing, analyzed at length in "Modern Painters." A proof of my own etching from the rocks, in first state, is among the other engravings.

Glorious as the rock drawing is, and beautiful as the flow of the dark stream, I regret the exaggeration of mountain scale which he admitted to fulfil the strength of his mental impression. This habit gained on him in later years injuriously ; and though this Bolton is unrivalled as a piece of lovely art, I denied myself more in giving to Oxford the quiet sincerity of transcript with which his younger spirit revered the streams of Greta and Tees.

SEVENTH GROUP. MINSTRELSY. THE
PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

45.

STAFFA. VIGNETTE TITLE-PAGE TO THE "LORD
OF THE ISLES."

All the designs of Turner until middle life had been made, it must be remembered, either in his own natural feeling, or under the influence of classic writers only. In Italy he was guided by Virgil and Ovid, in England by Thomson and Pope. But his work under Mr. Rogers brought him into closer relation with modern thought; and now for some seven or eight years he works chiefly under the influence of Scott and Byron, this phase of his mind being typically represented by the "Childe Harold."

The vignettes to Rogers' "Italy" (all but one, in the National Gallery,) were simply his own reminiscences of the Alps and the Campagna, rapidly and concisely given in right sympathy with the meditative poem they illustrate. They are entirely exquisite; poetical in the highest and purest sense; exemplary and delightful beyond all praise.

The illustrations to Scott and Byron were much more laboured, and are more or less artificial and unequal. I have never been able to possess myself of any of the finest; the best I had, Ashestiel, was given to Cambridge. The group shown in the following series represents them very feebly, one only, the plains of Troy, being of their highest class, and even that not well representing its order.

This vignette of Staffa (Fingal's Cave) I bought

only the other day for its geology, there being no other such accurate drawing of basaltic rock (note the hexagonal outline of the column used in the decoration). But it is interesting also in its effect of light (looking out of the cave to the sea), and in the wonderful outline drawing of the rich decoration.

46. LOCHMABEN.

Average vignette work, the subject not greatly interesting him. I have never seen it, but suppose the masses of ruin to be nearly shapeless and unmanageable, except in the distance. I am glad to have it, nevertheless, for the sake of the Bruce.

47. ROUEN.

One of the most exquisitely finished of the Scott series, but forced in effect to suit the purposes of engraving. Compare notes on No. 56.

48. FOUNTAIN, CONSTANTINOPLE.

One of the Byron vignettes. These are all finished with extraordinary labour; there is as much drawing in the left-hand distance of this, alone, as in some of the Rogers' "Italy" vignettes altogether. But it is like cameo-work, and takes more trouble to look at than it is worth.

The painting of the little china vase in front, in its complete expression of porcelain with so few touches, is executively very admirable.

49. THE PLAINS OF TROY.

One of the most elaborate of the Byron vignettes, and full of beauty. I need not hope to make the public believe that the meaning of the sunset con-

tending with the storm is the contest of the powers of Apollo and Athene; but there is nevertheless no question as to the fact. For Turner's grasp of Homeric sentiment was complete from the day he painted Chryses praying to the sun as it lightened in going down, over the surf of the beach, through the crimson sunrise of the Polyphemus, with the horses of Apollo *drawn* in the orb, down to this piece of passionate pilgrimage, the Childe always leading him, whose true love *was* at last known "from another one" at Missolonghi.

I hope Dr. Schliemann may like it a little; let me at least thank *him* with reverent heart for all his life's work, and *its* passionate pilgrimages.

50. CORINTH.

This and the next following belong to the series of illustrations of Palestine, to which Turner gave his utmost strength, as far as he knew himself at this time in what his strength lay. He had never been in Palestine—(his time for *that* pilgrimage is perhaps to come),—and the drawings have grave faults, but are quite unrivalled examples of his richest executive power on a small scale. My three best ("Solomon's Pool," "Lebanon," and "Jericho") were given to Cambridge and Oxford, but these that I have left are not unworthy. The crowded figures of the foreground here are meant in illustration of St. Paul's trade: "By their occupation they were tent makers." You will dislike them at first, but if they were not there, you would have felt the white houses a painful interruption to the Acropolis—as it is they are a reposeful space of light. The square oar in front is to repeat and conquer their squareness; the little triangular flag, to join them with the Acropolis slope; and their divided masses to echo its duplicity.

51. JERUSALEM—THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

From the engraving of this drawing, lent me by one of my girl companions when I was a youth of fourteen, I first learned what real architectural drawing was. I believe it to have been one of the subjects which Turner accepted, when other artists had refused it as intractable, the mere square angle of blank walls seeming a hopeless difficulty. But the artifices of shadow or mist and transparent ray, by which he has dealt with it, are too laborious, and by no means wholly true or defensible; to be revered only as his effort to do all his best in a sacred service. I hope that the infinite care and finish thus given, in his advancing age, to subjects not in themselves pleasing to him, will be a practical lesson to the careless egotism in which the rising race of young painters too often waste their narrower power.

EIGHTH GROUP. MORNING. BY THE RIVERSIDES.

52.

PONT DE BUSEL?

From the more or less conscientious, but mistaken temper, in which Turner worked for the illustration of the thoughts of others, and of scenes in which he had little personal interest, he was continually recalled by the impressions on his own mind, in his later continental journeys. These he got into the habit of recording, chiefly for his own pleasure, in the masses of studies which between 1853 and 1845 accumulated in bundles and rolls, seen by none, until my work upon them in the National Gallery after his death. Of these "personal" subjects, he realized two connected series on the French Rivers;

of which the subjects on the Seine are on the whole the most *wonderful* work he ever did, and the most admirable in artistic qualities. Those on the Loire, less elaborate, are more majestic and pensive. Fortune enabled me to possess myself of this complete series, and to place it, for the foundation of our future art schooling, in the Galleries of Oxford. Of Seine subjects, fortune gave me one, the Rouen, No. 56, on the whole the mightiest piece of work in these rooms next to the Goldau (No. 65). Of the unpublished drawings, I obtained, belonging to the same period, one on the Loire, quite inestimable, (given to Oxford Standard Series No. 3); five others are here, variously characteristic, but it is in the National Gallery that his work of this class can alone be adequately studied. It is notable always for its pensiveness—the chief feeling on his mind being now the sorrow of declining life—with an eternity of beauty in his thoughts.

I do not know where the scene of this little mountain study is; there are thousands of such among the southern hills of France; and the name I have given, Busel, is a conjecture only from the indecipherable inscription. Perhaps I love the little drawing more for remembering many a drive down hill to such bright and sunny bridges, in the old days when one saw rivers sometimes as one crossed them, and went up and down hills instead of underneath them.

53. DINANT, ON THE MEUSE.

It will be seen both in the last drawing and this, how absolutely determined Turner's execution was, leaving the grey or warm tinted paper entirely untouched for part of his ground colour. This Dinant is a study of the highest quality, the rock drawing under the fort insuperable.

54. ON THE RHINE.

The place must be recognizable enough ; but almost any reach of the *old* Rhine, with village below, and towers above, served Turner for such a drawing. I say the *old* Rhine, for I suppose these villages, with their little remnant of walls, tree-planted, and clustered gables, and arched bridges over the mountain brooks, are all gone now, and nothing but the rail-station and steamer quay any more visible.

This drawing is one of the most precious I have ; to me quite inestimable in expression of pure white in warm sunlight. It is so difficult to keep warm in so bright and unsubdued a tone. The basalt rock drawing is also entirely grand.

55. TWILIGHT.

An example of the extremely simple things which Turner would often set down note of ; as if he was afraid of forgetting these, while more splendid effects of sky or scene might often be trusted to memory : there is no record whatever, for instance, of the effect of the sunset for the next following drawing ; only a pencil outline, one of three on the same leaf, now in the National Gallery. This little study of twilight is very lovely in tone, and characteristic of the pensive temper in which he was now working.

56. ROUEN, FROM ST. CATHERINE'S HILL.

No drawing in the great series of the Rivers of France surpasses this, and few equal it. It is beyond all wonder for ease, minuteness, and harmony of power ; perfectly true and like the place ; also, inestimable as a type of Turner's consummate work.

If any foreign master of landscape painting, hitherto unacquainted with Turner, wishes to know

his essential strength, let him study this single drawing, and try to do anything like it.

I have never been certain of the material used by Turner in his drawings on grey paper. It is often common white chalk washed up, and I believe in all cases some preparation of chalk, the difficulty of working with which is trebled by its effect being unseen till dry.

It has before been noticed that Turner always signs a locality with some given incident ; the diligence coming up the hill and passengers walking therefore occur in both the views of Rouen, Nos. 47 and 56. There is no comparison, however, between the two drawings in general quality : the smaller of them was conventionalized and much spoiled by direct reference to engraving ; No. 56 is the record of a real impression, carried out for its own sake.

NINTH GROUP. AGAIN THE ALPS.

57.

TELL'S CHAPEL, LAKE LUCERNE.

Between the years 1840 and 1845, Turner went every summer to Switzerland, finding, it seemed, new strength and pleasure among the scenes which had first formed his power. Every day, on these excursions, furnished him with many more subjects for complete pictures than he could at all sufficiently express, and he could not bear to let any of these escape him. His way was, therefore, to make rapid pencil note of his subject on the spot ; and it seems,

at his inn in the evening, to put so much colour on this outline as would recall the effect to his mind. The five examples of such sketches here given, Nos. 57 to 61, give good idea of their general manner, but all the finest of this kind are in the National Gallery.

This first, No. 57, is very slight, but a lovely record of his retained impression of the Chapel, first drawn by him in the exquisite vignette for Rogers. The traveller now passes, at his choice, by the rail behind the chapel, or steamer in front of it. Its legend is no more—and its lake—will doubtless be made a reservoir, in due time. Compare No. 70.

58. DAZIO GRANDE.

On the Italian side of the St. Gothard, two miles above Faïdo. Magnificent. See notes in Epilogue.

59. BELLINZONA.

Or at least, the Ticino, two miles below Bellinzona, the opening valley to the pass of the Bernardino in distance. This drawing shows the pencil outline made on the spot more clearly than the others; the more that it has not been followed in the mountain masses on the right, but modified into quite new forms. The fury of the rushing white water modelled into masses with a few sweeps of the brush, and the lovely infinitude of aerial peaks beyond, are in his finest manner.

60-61. THE BRIDGE.

I am always in hopes of being told by some traveller where this bridge is; a very notable one over a wide river, by evidently an important city.

TENTH GROUP. SUNSET.

SEE Epilogue for notes, on these, the noblest drawings ever made by him for passion and fully developed power. Failing only in some qualities of execution, never attainable but by the scrupulous patience of youth; and in some of delineation incompatible with their effects of light, and of magnitude.

Only six of the nine drawings in this group, however, belong to it properly; the other three (67, 68, and 69) are placed with it for illustration, belonging themselves to much earlier dates.

62. COBLENTZ.

The old bridge over the Moselle, Ehrenbreitstein in the distance on the left. Last minutes of sunset, the river mists rising.

Painted for me by Turner in 1842, and now literally the only existent drawing which gives a complete idea of the ideal of purple and golden colour in which his later work for the Academy was done, or of its exquisite execution. The "Sun of Venice," the San Benedetto looking towards Fusina, the "Approach to Venice," the "Cemetery at Murano," and such others, were all as exquisite as this; but they rotted, rent, faded, and mouldered away in miserable patches of variously deforming changes, *darkening* in spots; but to the rich colours bringing pallor, and to the subtle ones, absolute effacement. Cleaning, and retouching over cracks, followed, and the ruin is now total. This drawing alone remains to show what they once were, and how they were painted. There is nothing in painters' work of any time more exquisite, as any painter may quickly

find out, who will try to copy the right-hand side of it, with the gliding boat, struck with a few lines of brown and vermillion over the exquisitely laid ground of blue and purple; or who will similarly work out a square inch of the reflections on the left under the bridge.

63. CONSTANCE.

Another drawing of the year 1842, and a greater and better one than the last, but not so entirely illustrating his Academy pictures, because the sky here is laid in with a magnificently bold first wash, and the green reflections on the left with the same audacity, while his Academy pictures at this time were laboured throughout like No. 62.

Part of the Lake of Constance is seen, pale behind the city, retiring under the far-away blue clouds, from behind which the sun is just going to rise. There are many points of resemblance here to the composition of the "Leicester Abbey," and both drawings are consummate work of their time, but the "Constance" is unique in its luxury of colour.

64. LAKE OF ZUG—EARLY MORNING.

The town of Aart seen yet in shadow over the inner bay of the lake; the first rays of rosy light falling on the nearer shore. The sunrise is breaking through the blue mist, just above the battle-field of Morgarten. The two Mythens which protect the central and name-giving metropolis of Switzerland, Schwytz, are bathed in his full light.

Painted a year later, for Mr. Munro of Novar, with less care for the painting, and more for the facts. (See Mr. Kingsley's note.) An inestimable drawing, but with bad faults, of which I need not point out more than the coarse figure drawing, and falsely oblique reflection of the sun.

65. GOLDAU.

Lake of Zug in distance, seen like a lake of lava under the fiery sunset. Under the dark masses of rock in the foreground lies buried the ancient village of Goldau. The spire of the village of Aart, the same which glitters through the morning mist in No. 64, is here seen as a point of fire at the edge of the distant lake.

Painted for me in 1843 (with No. 64 for Mr. Munro). Engraved in "Modern Painters," being on the whole the mightiest drawing of his final time.

66. PASS OF ST. GOTHARD.

Just above Faido. Painted for me, with No. 65, in 1843 : etched by myself, and described at length in "Modern Painters," to which I must refer the reader : some notes on the selection of the subject are however added here in the Epilogue.

67. ARONA, LAGO MAGGIORE.

I have placed this drawing next to the one representing the fury of the Ticino on its Alpine bed, that the reader may compare the calm of the lake with the passion of the river ; and fed the infinite sympathy of the painter with them both. Vesuvius in his two moods, not more marvellously opposed. The Arona is far the earlier drawing, made originally for the "Keepsake" Annual. The towers defending the little port were quite among the most precious historical monuments in Italy, dating from the time of the military power of the lake districts of the North, centred in that of the Comaschi, who were, among the "mountain-flint" races of Italy, in the history of Lombardic war and architecture, what the race of Fesolé was to the Val d'Arno. But since I

first began studying Italian history, the only remaining gate of Fesolé (old Etruscan) has been pulled down for the materials ; and this entirely unique part of Arona destroyed by the modern progressists, and a 'promenade' built over the filled-up space of it, on which they may lounge, smoke, and read newspapers.

68. ITALY OF THE OLDEN TIME.—(Sixty years since, I mean.)

An unique drawing of Turner's early period, curiously broad in execution, majestic in tone, with extremest subtlety of subdued colour :—inimitable modelling of hill masses, and superb composition throughout : but foliage treatment as yet not fully developed, and bough drawing still grossly imperfect.

Placed here after the Arona, to complete, for my readers, the old-fashioned journey from Coblenz by Constance, Zug, and the St. Gothard, into deep Italy, as Turner knew it, and as we old travellers knew it,—doing thirty or forty miles a day, chatting in every village, walking up every hill, staying in every lovely place ; and seeing, what none of you, my poor readers, can ever see more—human life in its peace, and its homes.

69. GENEVA.

This magnificent drawing (I owe the possession of it to the kindness of my always helpful friend, Mr. F. S. Ellis,—see further No. 87,) is a little earlier than No. 68, but should be carefully compared with it, the mountain drawing being, in like manner, ineffably subtle ; while the foliage conventional, and even feeble : the composition masterly in the extreme, especially the placing of the cattle.

There are very few water-colour drawings by

Turner of this size, except those at Farnley; of which the chief, Lake Lucerne from Fluelen, is the grandest work of Turner's early time, and first expresses his full perception of the tenderness of the great Alps, and of their waters; being to his Swiss work, what the "Coniston Fells" study was to his English work.

70. FLUELEN.

And now note how constant his life is to these first impressions. No. 70, placed as the last drawing in this collection, is in fact the last Alpine drawing Turner ever made with loving power;—not unabated power,—for it was painted in 1845, the year of his failure; and it shows, in the foreground work, incipient conditions of fatal decline. But his love for the scene remains unabated—for it is the old place, Fluelen, the scene of that great Farnley drawing, now fading away into a mere dream of departing light.

I have asked that it may be placed under his portrait; and have a few words yet to say of this and the great Geneva; but I should like the reader first to glance over the Epilogue, that he may clearly know the way in which these later drawings were produced; noting only for the present that, in some respects, the execution of this one is in freshness and clearness unrivalled, the sky being laid in with one dash, like that of the "Okehampton." Also the subtle modelling of the great limestone cliff on the right, though different in manner, is not less wonderful than that of the hill under the castle in 68. Turner never attempted at any period of his life to draw the higher snows, knowing their beauty to be impossible; their presence is only suggested among the clouds by the broken fragments of white for the Rothstock, on the left; and the domed masses on

the right, which are imaginary altogether, and put there only to give solidity to the nearer cliff, there being in reality no snowy heights above that promontory.

Tell's chapel is on the other side of it ; but the whole cliff tunnelled now for the railway,—and so ends the story of the “Sacred Lake, withdrawn among the hills.” Doubtless it will soon be embanked at Lucerne and drunk up by the Basle people, in emulation of our British thirsting “as the hart after the waterbrooks,”—their own waterbrook of the Rhine being used only as a *Cloaca Maxima*, practically, for all the fighting and singing about it that has been, or is to be, on either shore, between the wise and poetical nations it cannot separate.

ILLUSTRATIVE STUDIES AND SUPPLEMENTARY SKETCHES.

I PLACE first among these, six of the great plates of the "Liber Studiorum," engraved by Turner himself, with his own hand ; namely :

- 71. RAGLAN ; an inestimable and unique early proof.
- 72. THE LOST SAILOR, of which only two proofs exist that I know of, besides.
- 73. THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, ST. GOTHARD. Also only two other proofs, I believe.
- 74. GLACIER DES BOIS, AND SOURCE OF THE ARVERON, CHAMOUNI ; fine early impression.
- 75. ÆSACUS AND HESPERIE ; fine impression ; and the greatest piece of tree-drawing in the Liber.
- 76. MILL NEAR THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

The five first were all *engraved* by Turner himself, but only the Devil's Bridge and Æsacus also *etched*

by him under the mezzotint. The Grande Chaire is only in part engraved by him. My dear old friend and master in etching, Thomas Lupton, told me he was sure there was a great deal of Turner's own work in it ; and of his mind, more.

The first two of these belong to Oxford. I gave them with the Loire series—to be companions to it and to each other, as perpetual types of the two modes of Turner's sorrow for the passing away of human souls.

Next come four early sketches, namely :—

77. THE TOWER OF OXFORD CATHEDRAL, FROM THE GARDENS OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

Inscribed, "Christ Church Cathedral from Corpus Gardens," but not, I think, in his own hand. The drawing was given me by my friend, since dead, Mrs. Cowper of St. Paul's, from whom also I bought—she sorrowfully parting with them, because she had duties for which the money was needed—the Loire series, which I gave to Oxford, and the Rouen, Rolandseck, and Dinant, Nos. 56, 55, 53.

It is an extremely early sketch, about the time of the Dover Castle.

78. AT CHESTER. Old shops, belonging to Messrs. "Clarke, (shoe)?" maker?

"Robarts" Upholsterer? the substantial 'sign' of two chairs of the oldest and newest fashion—St. Jerome's style (easy), and modern cheap-made, uncomfortable to a degree, and not strong. Finally 'Drugs and colours,' no name.

79. IN THE MAIN STREET, CHESTER. Old style. Cathedral tower seen over the gables.

Both these, Nos. 79 and 80, are very early, not much more than a year's difference between them and the Oxford.

80. PEN AND BRITISH INK SKETCH made on the back of a letter in which a friend had asked for some advice about drawing. He just turned the paper, drew, wrote, and sent back folded the other way.

A most precious example of the advancing method of study.

Hence to No. 100, inclusive, are placed various pencil sketches made on the first tour into Yorkshire and Scotland, some more or less touched with colour.

81. SCARBOROUGH.

Observe the perfect, quiet, fearless decision, with no hurry, and no showing off, perspective watched in every line, then the perfect setting of the beds of the rock up the angle of it, when they are vital to it, up to the highest piece of Castle. And see the love of walls and rocks, and many forms of them gathered well together, as fixed in him already as it was to his death. Compare Nos. 54, Rock and wall ; 55, Rock and *current* wall, zigzag like forked lightning up the hill ; 62, Rock and broad mass of fortress ; 63, Walls, more his object than the town.

82. SCARBOROUGH.

First dash of colour on pencil, same day as 81. Foam of sea deliberately left. Broad wash, stopping short of outline, for future work on the all-important edges ; never going *over* the outline, you observe.

83. SKETCH ON THE SPOT. BRINKBURN PRIORY.

The England subject. This was all he wanted for a subject of picture, if he saw no details on the spot of any particular beauty and importance. If he did, he went on, as we shall see; if not, he put in out of his own head what would serve. Neither the trees nor stones here pleased him, only the bit of Priory, nor *that* much. He did it when it was wanted in the England series, but not to please himself.

84. JEDBURGH?

I used to be quite sure it was, but am a little confused now by the modern improvements. An exquisite Scottish scene of the olden time, at all events. Distant hills most carefully outlined, abbey the same; the rest at speed, noting only well the steps in gable of cottage.

85. EDINBURGH, FROM ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL.

This is the scene in the Heart of Midlothian—(scene in the moonlight, where Jeanie goes alone). Look, how he dwells, on the points of the place—the winding paths to the town—shepherd driving the *cows* down it (*sheep*, those round things in the middle, hieroglyphic);—they were to be *there* and not elsewhere—wanted to centralize the whole picture in pastoral character. Then—look at Holyrood down on the right—and up the Canongate, and up! the *Heart* I think behind St. Anthony. North bridge clear enough; brow of Calton, note the zigzag rock edge, the edge that is painted afterwards for the entire main subject in the great National Gallery North Bridge drawing. There's a spire, too!—not Scott's monument *that*,—but St. Anthony's chapel and Holyrood, and the fields where Jeanie's cows fed—*they* are his monument.

86. THE CASTLE.

Bit of North Loch yet left on the right. Mound building ? First of the deadly innovations.

A quite glorious sketch, of humiliating unerringness. Never a line hesitating, never one changed. You can scarcely see a finer example of *early* Turner sketching. His greatest was about the 1820 time, but this was the way he got to it.

87. VIEW FROM FOOT OF CALTON, BEHIND LADY GLEN-ORCHY'S CHAPEL.

Only the Ghost of Castle and Ghost of North Bridge—these being drawn before : Houses on left, accurately—but St. Giles's—yes—we have not drawn *that* before, we must go in at it, and, is that the Heart then, low down on the left?—The little scrawled sketch in the book laid open on the table under the glass. It is Sir Walter's own sketch of the niche of the Tolbooth, which he had a mind to take to Abbotsford, and his directions to the architect of Abbotsford for transference of the same.

Beside it lie the MSS. of the "Black Dwarf," "Peveril of the Peak," "Woodstock," and the "Fortunes of Nigel." I name this last because I got it first—and it is the most important MS. in many ways ; but note in the Woodstock the interpolation on the left-hand page. *It* is significant, in a way which I may tell you in the Epilogue.

The "Fortunes of Nigel" MS. was bought long ago by my Father, the rest lately by me, when I could ; my friend Mr. F. S. Ellis giving me warning when he could get them for me.

88. STIRLING.

Look at the intense accuracy of the town along the ridge, that King James rode up in the "Lady of

the Lake," after the Douglas "had endured that day," all but *one* thing,

"But LUFRA had been fondly bred."

89. STIRLING, FROM THE CASTLE FOOT.

Scene of the Laird of Balmawhapple's pistol shot. Highlands in the distance, outlined carefully, Ben Lomond (I think). Baillie Nicol Jarvie could tell us if he would, perhaps—but won't, only that—"They're the Hieland Hills—the Hieland Hills."

90. BENVENUE.

At least, I think so. I could have told, once, but I don't know the outline now, so well as some "in foreign land."

91. HAWTHORNDEN?

92. BORTHWICK?

Very fine; a wonderful bit of stone and stream.

93. DUNFERMLINE?

94. WARKWORTH?

Most important in showing his way of *outlining* reflections in water, that he might be sure about them.

95. THE STRID?

Rapid above, I think; the stream eddies deep where one can leap it.

Most instructive in his way of drawing the forms of water.

96. BRIDGE AND WATERFALLS.

So also this, in drawing of rock. Some traveller will, I hope, recognize it.

97. SOLWAY?

With Skiddaw beyond. Precious in simplicity of washed tint ; the group of figures, seen on this spot, the original tint for those in the Salisbury.

98. FAST STUDY OF CLOUDS.

99. FAST STUDY OF CLOUDS.

100. FALL OF TEES?

Tinting begun for a really careful drawing.

The remaining twenty examples are of mixed character ; consisting of his own private studies or sketches, either for practice, or play, or pleasure. The first is only the back of a letter, written from his Surrey Hermitage.

101. INVITATION TO DINE AT HIS HOUSE, SANDYCOMBE.

With scratched Guide Map, and hieroglyph of Richmond Bridge (in the manner of Drayton's "Polyolbion") ; compare No. 33, "Play." He never called it so to me, but it is vulgar English play, as opposed to vulgar English work.

102. DOG.

What kind ?—sketched—but see inscription, certifying the same.

103. GROUSE.

Hard study, too laboured.

104. PHEASANTS.

Rapid note of colour for a bit in foreground ; splendid.

105. JAY.

The most wonderful piece of water-colour work at speed I have. It was given me by Mr. W. Kingsley, of Kilverton, with many and many a precious thing besides. See his terminal notes.

106 MACKEREL.

Study on his kitchen dresser at Margate, splendid.

107. MACKEREL.

Just a dash for three more. Cook impatient.

108. STUDY FOR FISH.

Coming on at speed, in the Slaver (modern trade?).

109. STUDY FOR FISH.

Looking up to the sky, in the Slaver (modern philosophy?).

110. NAMUR ?

There are many such scenes; this is only given as an example of work done deliberately, but stopping when the future drawing is but just suggested.

111. WRECK ON SANDS.

Memorandum in chalk on grey.

112. THE SAME SUBJECT.

Later, tide further out, ship fallen over.

E

113. RAINBOW.

Effect dashed down on the inside of the cover of sketchbook, all the paper being gone, his point being the gradation of light in the bow to the darkness of cloud ; rare, therefore noted eagerly and energetically. Wild sea, chalk cliffs with faint rosy light from rosy distant clouds, opening of blue sky beyond the rain, the veil being withdrawn gradually.

I bought the whole book from his good Margate housekeeper, in whose house, at Chelsea, he died.

114. HEAPED THUNDERCLOUD, over sea and land. Light breaking over far horizon.

Mighty work. A leaf out of the same book.

115. FLYING SCUD of thundercloud, heavy central storm, eddies of advancing tide meeting over tongue of sand.

Noble. (Out of same book).

116. STUDIES FOR THREE SUBJECTS.

One under another, the highest, sunset on beach, nearly a perfect drawing.

117. STUDIES FOR THREE SUBJECTS.

Moonrise (at top) wonderful.

One of these two has its study of green and white sea upside down.

118. ALPINE STREAM.

Pretty bridge and torrent subject ; slightest possible indication of a perfectly intended picture, over the pencil sketch from nature.

119. SALLENCHE.

Seen from St. Martin's, pencil sketch of the grandest time.

120. MONT BLANC.

Over the bridge of St. Martin's. The old Hotel du Mont Blanc on the left.

St. Martin's Bridge with the cross on its keystone has been principal in Turner's mind in both these last two sketches. There will doubtless soon be an iron one instead—with no such useless decoration ; but probably a bill pasted on it of the Sunday trains to Chamouni at reduced fares.

J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD,

February 21, 1878.

ADDENDA.

121.

PORTRAIT OF TURNER AT ABOUT THE AGE OF 17,
by himself.

I have placed in this group, with the pencil sketches above referred to, a few studies in colour, letters, and the like, of various interest, but which could not be properly examined in any consecutive way with the larger drawings. Of these, the principal is the "Study" of Turner by himself, No. 121, given by him to his housekeeper, and by her (Mrs. Danby) bequeathed to me. It in the first place shows the broad and somewhat clumsy manner of his painting in the "school days;" in the second, it is to me who knew him in his age, entirely the germ and virtually capable contents of the man I knew. But more—of it, or of him,—I am not able to say here or now.

122. HIS FIRST (KNOWN) SKETCH BOOK ; open at his first sketch of Malmesbury.¹

¹ Bought by me at Bristol, where it had been left. Nos. 123-126 given me by Mrs. Booth. The little water-colour palette, it will be observed—sent out for in his last illness—has the colours on the wrong side, his hand never having *lifted* it.

- 123. HIS LAST SKETCH BOOK IN COLOUR. It is full of such memoranda of skies.
- 124. HIS ACTUALLY LAST SKETCH BOOK.
- 125. HIS WORKING COLOUR BOX (for travelling).
- 126. HIS LAST PALETTE, as it was left.

J. R.

EPILOGUE.

BETWEEN the years 1840 and 1845, Turner executed a series of drawings under quite other conditions than those which he had previously accepted, or insisted on. The history of these drawings, known to me, down to somewhat minute particulars, will, I think, be at least in several of these, interesting to the reader, after the thirty years' interval; and at all events, illustrative of some of the changes which have taken place during that interval, in our estimate of the monetary value of a painter's toil (or genius?—see Turner's own words to Mr. Kingsley, at the close of his added notes). In the years 1840 and 1841, Turner had been, I believe, for the greater part of their summers in Switzerland; and, as aforesaid, had filled, for his own pleasure, many note-books with sketches such as those numbered here from 57 to 61. My statement in p. 51 that "all the finest are in the National Gallery" is a little too general, for a grander one than 58 exists nowhere.

That sketch, with fourteen others, was placed by Turner in the hands of Mr. Griffith of Norwood, in the winter of 1841-42, as giving some clue to, or idea of, drawings which he proposed to make from them, if any buyers of such productions could by Mr. Griffith's zeal be found.

There were, therefore, in all, fifteen sketches, of which Turner offered the choice to his public; but he proposed only to make *ten* drawings. And of these ten, he made anticipatorily four, to manifest what their quality would be,

and honestly "show his hand" (as Raphael to Durer) at his sixty-five years of age,—whether it shook or not, or had otherwise lost its cunning.

Four thus exemplary drawings I say he made for specimens, or *signs*, as it were, for his re-opened shop, namely :

1. THE PASS OF THE SPLUGEN.
2. MONT RIGHI, seen from Lucerne, in the morning, dark against dawn.
3. MONT RIGHI, seen from Lucerne at evening, red with the last rays of sunset.
4. LAKE LUCERNE (the Bay of Uri) from above Brunnen, with exquisite blue and rose mists and 'mackerel' sky on the right.

And why he should not have made all the ten, to his own mind, at once, who shall say? His oil pictures, he never asked the public to choose the subjects of!—nay, at this time of his life, he made his selections for the Exhibition with some definite *adversity* to the public's advice, as conveyed to him by its critics! Why, therefore, of these direct impressions from the nature which he had so long loved, should he have asked anybody to choose which he should realize? So it was, however; partly, it seems, in uncertainty whether anybody would care to have them at all.

So he went to Mr. Griffith of Norwood. I loved—yes, loved—Mr. Griffith; and the happy hours he got for me! (I was introduced to Turner on Mr. Griffith's garden-lawn.) He was the only person whom Turner minded at that time: But my father could not bear him. So there were times, and times.

One day, then, early in 1842, Turner brought the four drawings above-named, and the fifteen sketches in a roll in his pocket, to Mr. Griffith (in Waterloo Place, where the sale-room was).

I have no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of Mr. Griffith's report of the first conversation. Says Mr. Turner to Mr. Griffith, "What do you think you can get for such things as these?"

Says Mr. Griffith to Mr. Turner : " Well, perhaps, commission included, eighty guineas each."

Says Mr. Turner to Mr. Griffith : " Ain't they worth more ?"

Says Mr. Griffith to Mr. Turner, (after looking curiously into the execution, which, you will please note, is rather what some people might call hazy) : " They're a little different from your usual style"—(Turner silent, Griffith does not push the point)—" but—but—yes, they are *worth* more, but I could not *get* more."

(Question of intrinsic value, and political economy in Art, you see, early forced on my attention.)

So the bargain was made that if Mr. Griffith could sell ten drawings—the four signs, to wit, and six others—for eighty guineas each, Turner would make the six others from such of the fifteen sketches as the purchasers chose, and Griffith should have ten per cent. *out* of the eight hundred total (Turner had expected a thousand, I believe).

So then Mr. Griffith thinks over the likely persons to get commissions from, out of all England, for ten drawings by Turner ! and these not quite in his usual style, too, and he sixty-five years old ;—reputation also pretty nearly overthrown finally, by Blackwood's Magazine ;—a hard thing enough ; but the old man must be pleased if possible ! So Griffith did his best.

He sent to Mr. Munro of Novar, Turner's old companion in travel ; he sent to Mr. Windus of Tottenham ; he sent to Mr. Bicknell of Herne Hill ; he sent to my father and me.

Mr. Windus of Tottenham came first, and at once said " the style was changed, he did not quite like it." (He was right, mind you, he knew his Turner, in style.) " He would not have any of these drawings." I, as Fors would have it, came next ; but my father was travelling for orders, and I had no authority to do anything. The Splügen Pass I saw in an instant to be the noblest Alpine drawing Turner had ever till then made ; and the red Righi, such a piece of colour as had never come *my* way before. I wrote to my

father, saying I would fain have that Splugen Pass, if he were home in time to see it, and give me leave. Of more than one drawing I had no hope, for my father knew the worth of eighty guineas ; we had never before paid more than from fifty to seventy, and my father said it was "all Mr. Griffith's fault they had got up to eighty."

Mr. Bicknell of Herne Hill bought the blue Righi, No. 2. It used to hang in his drawing-room, next the window, opposite another drawing, next the door, of which presently.

Then Mr. Munro of Novar, and bought the Lucerne lake, No. 4, (and the red Righi ?¹), and both Mr. Munro and Mr. Bicknell chose a sketch to be "realized"—Mr. Bicknell, another Lucerne Lake ; and Mr. Munro, a Zurich, with white sunshine in distance.

So, you see, when Turner came to hear how things were going on, two of the sketches were provided for, which was pretty well, considering the change of style. Three out of the four pattern drawings he had shown were really bought—"And not *that*," said Turner, shaking his fist at the Pass of the Splugen ;—but said no more !

I came and saw the Pass of the Splugen again, and heard how things were going on, and I knew well why Turner had said "And not *THAT*."

And next day Munro of Novar came again ; and *he* also knew why Turner had said "not *that*," and made up his mind ; and bought the Pass of the Splugen.

At last my father came home. I had not the way of explaining my feelings to him somehow, any more than Cordelia to *her* father ; nevertheless, he knew them enough to say I might have *one* of the sketches realized. He went with me, and chose with me, to such end, the original of the Ehrenbreitstein, No. 62, here. The *sketch* we saw is now in the National Gallery. That made seven, in all, bought and ordered. Three others had to be placed yet, before Turner would begin to work.

¹ I am not absolutely sure about *this* drawing, whether Mr. Bicknell or Mr. Munro bought it.

Mr. Munro was got to order one more, a Righi dark in twilight. By hard coaxing, and petitioning, I got my father's leave to promise to take a Lucerne Town, if it turned out well! The other sketches no one liked, no one would have them at any price; only nine drawings could be got orders for, and there poor Mr. Griffith was. Turner growled; but said at last he would do the nine, *i.e.*, the five more to be realized.

He set to work in the spring of 1842; after three or four weeks, he came to Mr. Griffith, and said, in growls, at intervals, "The drawings were well forward, and he had after all put the tenth in hand, out of those that no one would have: he thought it would turn out as well as any of them; if Griffith liked to have it for his commission, he might." Griffith agreed, and Turner went home content, and finished his ten drawings for seven hundred and twenty guineas, cash clear. Griffith's commission drawing, the one that no one would have, is No. 63, and we'll talk of its quality a little, presently, oh, recusant British Public! but first I'll finish my story, please.

My conditional drawing, also, turned out well, and I was allowed to take it, but with comment. "I was sure you would be saddled with that drawing," said my father.

Four or five years ago—Mr. Vokins knows when, I haven't the date handy here—he came out to me, saying he wanted a first-rate Turner drawing, had I one to spare?

"Well," I said, "I have none to *spare*, yet I have a reason for letting *one* first-rate one go, if you give me a price."

"What will you take?"

"A thousand pounds."

Mr. Vokins wrote me the cheque in Denmark Hill drawing-room, (my old servant, Lucy Tovey, bringing pen and ink,) and took the Lucerne. Lucy, amazed and sorrowful, put the drawing into his carriage.

I wished to get *dead* Turner, for one drawing, his own original price for the whole ten, and thus did. Of the remaining eight drawings, this is the brief history.

Mr. Munro some years afterwards would have allowed me to have the Splugen Pass, for four hundred pounds, through White of Maddox Street; my father would then have let me take it for that, but I myself thought it hard on him and me, and would not, thinking it would too much pain my father. It remained long in the possession of Mr. Munro's nephew; so also the Novar Lucerne Lake, and Zurich. But of that, and of the red Righi, there were at first vicissitudes that are too long to tell; only, when the ten drawings were finished, and at Waterloo Place, their possession was distributed thus:—

1. SPLUGEN	. . .	Munro of Novar.
2. BLUE RIGHI	. . .	Mr. Bicknell.
3. RED RIGHI	. . .	Munro of Novar.
4. LUCERNE LAKE	. . .	Munro of Novar.
5. LUCERNE LAKE	. . .	Mr. Bicknell.
6. LUCERNE TOWN	. . .	J. R.
7. COBLENTZ	. . .	J. R.
8. CONSTANCE	. . .	Mr. Griffith.
9. DARK RIGHI	. . .	Munro of Novar.
10. ZURICH	. . .	Munro of Novar.

Mr. Griffith soon afterwards let me have the Constance for eighty guineas, and the day I brought that drawing home to Denmark Hill was one of the happiest in my life.

Nos. 1, 4, and 10 were, I believe, lately sold at Christie's.

No. 5 was bought at Mr. Bicknell's sale long ago, far over my head, and went to Edinburgh; there was a pretty story connected with it, which I think is known to Dr. John Brown.

No. 6 is—I know not where; very sorrowful am I that it is not here—for all my thousand pounds.

Nos. 7 and 8 are here, side by side, Nos. 62 and 63.

No. 3 was once mine also. It had a correction in it, which I regretted; and I let it go, which I regret more. Mr. Mackay of Colnaghi's had it of me, I don't know who has it now.

No. 9 was sold at Christie's while I was last at Venice.

No. 2 was sold with No. 5 at Mr. Bicknell's sale, and went I know not where.

Turner had never made any drawings like these before, and never made any like them again. But he offered, in the next year (1843), to do ten more on the same terms. But now—only five commissions could be got. My father allowed me to give two: Munro of Novar took three. Nobody would take any more. Turner was angry; and, partly ill, drawing near the end, you perceive. He did the five, but said it was lucky there were no more to do.

The five were:

1. KUSSNACHT. Munro of Novar.
2. ZUG. (No. 64.) Munro of Novar.
3. (I forget at this moment Munro's third.) I think it was the Zurich by moonlight, level over the rippling Limmat; a noble drawing, but not up to the mark of the rest.
4. GOLDAU. (No. 65.) J. R.
5. ST. GOTHARD. (No. 66.) J. R.

Mr. Munro thought the Zug too blue, and let me have it. So three are here.

64, 65, and 66. Done passionately; and somewhat hastily, as drawing near the end. Nevertheless, I would not take all the rest of the collection put together for them.

For the end had *not* come, though it was near. His full, final, unshortened strength is in these; but put forth, as for the last time—in the presence of the waiting Fate. Summing his thoughts of many things,—nay, in a sort of all things. He is not showing his hand, in these; but his heart. The Constance and Coblenz here, (with the Splügen (1), Bay of Uri (4), and Zurich (10), of the year 1842, are the most finished and faultless works of his last period; but these of 1843 are the truest and mightiest. There is no conventionalism,—no exhibition of art in them;—absolute truth of passion, and truth of memory, and sincerity of endeavour. "That litter of stones which I *endeavoured* to represent," he said to me himself of the St.

Gothard, which recalled to him so many earlier visions of the fierce Reuss and Ticino ; and of the Power that poured them from the clouds, and clove the earth with rivers.

I can't write any more of them just now. Perhaps during the last fortnight of this exhibition I may get a few further notes and illustrative studies together : but, none will be of real use, unless the spectator both knows, and *loves* the Alps, in some measure, as Turner knew and loved them, which—for aught I know—there may yet be some who do :—but one cannot say. For assuredly none who love them, ever peril on them either their Love, or Life.

BRANTWOOD, 10th May, 1878.

*Being my Father's birthday,—who—though as aforesaid,
he sometimes would not give me this, or that,—yet
gave me, not only all these drawings, but Brantwood
—and all else.*

PART II.

PREFACE.

THE presentation to me by friends' kindness, of the long-coveted drawing of the Splugen, has given me much to think of, if, just now I were able to think ; —and would urge me to say much,—if I were able to speak. But I am shaken and stunned by this recent illness,—it has left me not a little frightened, and extremely dull.

I cannot write a circular letter of thanks, of so wide a radius as to include all I feel, or ought to feel—on the matter ; and besides, I do not usually find that anyone worth pleasing is pleased by a circular letter. The recipients always, I think, “speak disrespectfully of the Equator.” A parabolic letter, or even hyperbolic, might be more to the purpose, if it were possible to me ; but on the whole I think it will be the best I can do in this surprised moment to show the importance of this Splugen drawing, in connection with the others in my collection, belonging to its series ; by trusting in public indulgence for the exposition also of so much of my own hand-work in illustration of Turner, as may explain the somewhat secluded, and apparently ungrateful, life which I have always been forced to lead in the midst of a group—or as I now thankfully find, a crowd—of most faithful and affectionate friends.

I have accordingly amused, and humiliated myself, by arranging a little autobiography of drawings, from childhood until now ; out of which it appeared to me that some

useful points might be made evident respecting the service of particular methods, or the danger of particular errors. What consistency of effort they show, has been noted, as briefly as I could, and the grounds on which I felt it necessary to pursue some lines of study which cost me much labour, and gave little reward, except in enabling me to understand the virtue of better work.

Of the Splügen drawing, and of the collection which it in a manner consecrates finally to public service, I hope yet to make some practical uses, such as my friends will be glad to have strengthened me in : but recovery from such illness as struck me down last February, must be very slow at the best : and cannot be complete, at the completest. Without abandoning any of my former aims, I must not for many a day—if ever—resume my former activities ; and though I have now gone so long in literary harness that the pole and collar rather support, than encumber me, I shall venture to write in future, only what costs me little pains.

As all that I have written hitherto has cost me much, my readers will I hope credit me with indolence when they weary of me ; and acquit me, yet for a few years more, of apoplexy, even though they cannot in conscience assure me that I have “*jamais composé de meilleure homélie.*”

BRANTWOOD,

June 5, 1878.

NOTES ON MY OWN DRAWINGS AND ENGRAVINGS.

I. R.

C CONWAY CASTLE.

Drawing by my father, made in the Edinburgh drawing class under Nasmyth the elder, and showing the way in which young people were in those days taught: the first tints being laid in grey; then the warm colour laid on the lights, and no "effects" of light, or of *local* colours ever thought of.

The great Hakewill drawings by Turner are nothing more than the perfect development of this method.

For the influence of this drawing on my own infant mind, by help of my father's patience at his dressing time, see "Fors Clavigera," June, 1875, page 161.

2. R. DESCENT FROM THE SPLUGEN ON THE ITALIAN SIDE. Old Swiss print, coloured by hand.¹

Showing the adaptation of this cool shadow and warm light system to popular engraving.

A most lovely piece of quiet work, full of honourable and right feeling.

All the prints for sale in the shops of the Swiss towns, at the time of Turner's early travels, were done in this manner: and he, in his studies on the

¹ I believe so, but cannot be certain the Swiss had not already fallen on some mechanical help,—encouraged with conscientiousness and skill.

spot, would definitely set himself to beat one of these old prints by supplying the fire, or force, that it wanted. The post-chaise, or diligence, as the means of communication between Northern and Southern Europe over this great wall of eternal ordinance, was profoundly interesting to him :—(the Apotheosis of the Dover mail !) We will look at one or two more of the Swiss prints,—his “old masters,”—and then see what he made of the Dover mail at last.

3. R. THE “LOST DUNGEON :” on the Pass of the Splügen.

The French translation “Trou-Perdu,” entirely loses the grand meaning of the German “Verlohren Loch,” a place in which one is both *locked up*, and *lost* :—wilderness and dungeon in one !—and an abyss besides. It is the most terrific chasm, on a large scale, in the Alps,—the Latins and early Grisons calling it the “Via Mala.”¹

Turner was continually combining impressions from this gorge, and that of the Devil’s bridge on the St. Gothard. There is a study of crag and pine

¹ “The language of the Grisons is divided into two principal dialects, the Rumonsch and the Ladin ; the latter is the dialect of the Engadin. These dialects are each subdivided into upper and lower. The origin of these dialects is certainly Italian, and they are quite distinct from the Teutonic dialects of the surrounding cantons of Switzerland. They are believed to be the remains of the ancient Etruscan language, more ancient than the written Latin, or Roman language, but having probably great affinity to the spoken languages of Latium, Umbria, and other parts of Central Italy, before the period of Roman greatness. The Etruscans were at one time in possession of a great part of the plain of the Po, from whence they were expelled by the Gauls in the second century of Rome, or about 600 years before Christ. They then took refuge in the mountains of Rhætia, where names still remain which remind us of Etruria and Latium, such as the river Albula, the towns of Lavin, Ardez, Thusis, Rhœzuns, &c.”—VIEUSSEUX’S *History of Switzerland*.

among the framed examples in my sliding cabinets at the National Gallery, which I think is done in challenge of this very plate.

4. R. STURZ (literally, "*Overthrow*," or "*Ruinous Fall*") OF THE RHINE and Avers-torrent.

Another quite admirable study of pines, and true effort to give the forms of water in violent and ponderous fall. Also one of the "*Junctions*" of less with greater rivers, in which Turner took such delight: the personality of rivers being to him almost as vivid as to a classic poet, or a true German one. By railway, I wonder how many travellers would know whether this was a Rhein-fall, Reuss-fall, or Rhone-fall; or would lift their eyes from their newspapers to see it, though it were a fall of all three!

5. R. SWISS LIFE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Not idealized in the least; but a quite true picture of a well-to-do farmer's house in Canton Berne. I used to go to Switzerland quite as much to see this life, and the remains of the mediæval strength that had won it, as to see the Alps themselves.

The reader will have patience, perhaps,—it may be, also pleasure, in comparing with the old-fashioned picture, the greatest of Swiss authors' description of such a scene. I have an especial reason for asking him now to dwell upon it a little:—and will even hope that my own friends will read the passage introducing it, the opening paragraph of Gotthelf's "*L'Ame et l'argent*," A to B of the following extract; the actual description to be compared with the picture is between B and C. The sequel contains some matters of farther interest, readable perhaps at home.

A. "Le vrai bonheur est une fleur délicate, autour

de laquelle bourdonnent des milliers d'insectes mal-faisants, et que tue le moindre souffle impur. L'homme est le jardinier chargé de la cultiver; la béatitude est sa récompense; mais combien peu savent leur métier; combien regardent indifférents comme les insectes s'y posent; combien s'amusent à voir comme ils la dévorent et comme la fleur s'étiole! Heureux celui qui ouvre à temps les yeux, qui, d'une main habile, préserve la fleur et tue son ennemi; car celui-là préserve en même temps la paix de son cœur, et assure le salut de son âme; deux choses qui tiennent l'une à l'autre, comme le corps et l'âme, comme ce monde terrestre et l'autre monde.

" Il y a dans le pays de Berne beaucoup de jolies fermes, de riches villages habités par une quantité de dignes couples, réputés pour leur crainte de Dieu et la sagesse avec laquelle ils élèvent leurs enfants; beaucoup de riches villages où chambres et greniers sont remplis de richesses, que ne soupçonne guère le petit monde à la nouvelle mode, lequel convertit tout en argent, parce que, dans le fait, il dépense beaucoup d'argent. Toutes ces provisions entassées représentent, pour les besoins personnels et étrangers, des sommes telles qu'on n'en trouverait certes pas, bon an mal an, chez beaucoup de messieurs. Ces sommes n'ont, à l'ordinaire, aucune place stable. Pareilles à des esprits familiers, mais à de bons esprits, elles courent par la maison, et se trouvent tantôt ici, tantôt là, tantôt partout à la fois, à la cave, au grenier, au cabinet, dans la caisse aux quartiers de pommes sèches, dans ces quatre lieux à la fois, sans compter une demi-douzaine d'autres encore. Dès qu'un morceau de terre est à vendre qui convient à la ferme, on l'achète, argent comptant. Là, jamais le père ni le grand-père n'ont rien dû à personne; tout ce qu'ils achetaient, ils le payaient, argent sur table,

et de leurs propres deniers. Quand, dans la parenté parmi les amis ou dans la commune, un brave homme était en besoin d'argent, ou voulait faire quelque bon marché, cet argent était toujours à sa disposition, non comme placement, mais comme assistance temporaire, pour un temps déterminé, sans billet ni intérêts, tout bonnement sur la garantie de sa bravoure, et sous la garde du Ciel ; et on agissait ainsi par le motif tout simple que l'on croyait encore au Ciel, comme de juste et de raison.

" Là, le mari va à l'église et à la foire en respectable habit de droguet ; la femme est toujours, le matin, la première à éplucher quelque chose, et le soir, la dernière à éplucher de même. Pas un mets n'arrive sur la table, qu'il n'ait été cuit par elle, *et pas une seille n'est versée dans l'auge des cochons, qu'elle ne l'ait au préalable bien remuée jusqu'au fond, avec son bras nu.*¹

B. " *Pour trouver un échantillon de cette honorabilité aristocratique*, on n'a qu'à aller à Liebiwyl (nous le parlons pas de celui qui est près de Kœnitz, ne sachant pas si on s'y comporte ainsi). Là, une superbe ferme resplendit au soleil, avec des fenêtres qui scintillent au loin ; une superbe ferme, que tous les ans on lave avec la pompe à incendie ; aussi paraît-elle toujours neuve, bien qu'elle ait déjà quarante ans ; et quelle bonne chose c'est que le lavage, même pour les maisons ; on en a là la preuve journalière.

" Une galerie commode et joliment sculptée,² fait saillie sous les ailes de la toiture ; une terrasse fait ceinture autour de la maison, pavée de petits cailloux serrés devant les étables et de larges dalles devant

¹ This is a little farther than St. George wishes his "aristocracy" of the cottage to follow !

² It might be thought that Gottthelf had made his description from the print itself ! But it is from the vivid fact of his own village, "Herzogenbuch-see."

les pièces d'habitation. De magnifiques arbres à fruit entourent les bâtiments de leur verdure touffue ; une colline la défend des vents du nord, tandis que, des fenêtres, on aperçoit les Alpes qui opposent une résistance si fière et si majestueuse à la marche du temps et à la marche des hommes.

“ Le soir, on voit, près de la porte, un homme assis sur un banc, en train de fumer sa pipe, et qu'on ne croirait guère âgé de plus de soixante ans. De temps en temps, apparaît sur la porte une créature à mine avenante et proprette, qui a quelque chose à dire ou à demander à cet homme. C'est sa femme. Dans la remise, un beau garçon, svelte et vigoureux, fait boire deux beaux chevaux bruns, pendant que son frère aîné porte de la paille dans l'étable. Par moments, on voit dans le jardin, sortir du milieu des fleurs et des herbages, une joviale figure de jeune fille, qui demande à sa mère si elle veut aller lui donner un coup de main, ou qui peste contre les chats qui courent dans la salade, et demande à son père ce qu'il faudrait faire contre la maladie qui attaque ses roses. Les domestiques et les journaliers rentrent lentement des champs ; les poules regagnent l'une après l'autre leur poulailler, tandis que le pigeon fait encore très chaudement la cour à sa colombe.”

C. “ Tel est le tableau qu'on aurait eu presque tous les soirs sous les yeux, si on s'était arrêté devant cette maison de Liebiwyl, il y a cinq ou six ans ; et si on avait interrogé les voisins ou telle vieille femme emportant quelque chose sous son tablier, sur le compte de ceux qui l'habitaient, on n'eût pas manqué de vous répondre brièvement :

“ — Ce sont des gens extrêmement bons et terriblement riches.

“ A l'époque de leur mariage, il y a une trentaine d'années, ils formaient le plus beau couple qu'on eût vu entrer depuis bien longtemps à l'église. Plus de

cent voitures leur faisaient cortège, sans compter tous ceux qui étaient arrivés à cheval, ce qui alors était beaucoup plus à la mode qu'à présent ; car alors les femmes elles-mêmes montaient à cheval, surtout quand il s'agissait d'aller à la noce. Pour ce qui est de la leur, elle avait duré trois jours ; en fait de boire et manger, on n'y avait rien épargné, aussi en avait-on beaucoup parlé dans tout le pays. Mais alors aussi les cadeaux de noce avaient-ils abondé d'une telle façon, qu'ils en avaient eux-mêmes été effrayés. Deux journées entières ne leur avaient pas suffi pour les recevoir tous, et force leur avait été de se faire aider par des étrangers. Il est vrai qu'on n'eût pas été dans le cas de trouver, ni en amont ni en aval, une ferme plus réputée que celle-ci.

“ Le fait est qu'une belle ferme pareille, complètement payée, sans compter une masse de mille livres, ne se trouve pas partout. Mais ils ne possédaient pas cela pour eux seuls ; ils savaient encore que les riches ne sont que les mandataires de Dieu, et qu'ils auraient à rendre compte de chacun de leurs écus. Quand on les demandait pour parrain ou marraine, il n'y avait jamais de non, et ils ne se figuraient nullement que depuis que le bois est devenu si cher, les pauvres n'en avaient plus besoin. Les domestiques étaient traités là comme il ne le sont pas souvent ; on n'y prétendait pas que la besogne dût être achevée d'un seul jour, et que le lait qu'on y servait fût toujours trop bon pour eux.”

I said that I had an especial reason for asking the reader to look at this image of old Swiss life. To me personally it was the soul of the Alps, just as much as the life of Giotto and Farinata was the soul of Fesolé, and Florence. But from the first, Turner was awe-struck by the “mountain-gloom” of the great passes, and by the distress, and the heroism, of the dwellers in their deeper recesses

of Uri and Unterwalden,—not without acknowledging the charm of what remained of their old life, after the great ruin of 1798;¹ see therefore :—

6. R. THE BAY OF URI, FROM FLUELEN :—

Photograph (I fear much faded) from the great drawing at Farnley, in which his main purpose has been to give the place of incoming, and the happy animation of the shore, when the boats were embarking for the Lucerne market. I remember a bit of an early rhyming letter to one of my then brightest girl-friends (the niece of my father's partner, Mr. Telford) describing one of these boats at Lucerne quay, laden with its

“ Mealy potatoes and marrowfat pease,
And honey, and butter, and Simmenthal cheese ;
And a poor little calf, not at all at its ease,
Tied by the neck to a box at its knees ;—
Don't you agree with me, dear Louise,
It was unjustifiably cruel in
Them, to have brought it in all that squeeze
Over the lake from Fluelen ? ”

Not incognizant of this joyful industry, Turner was yet, as I said, from the first, appalled by the sense of the mountain pestilence and mortal war, that oppressed it, in the close valleys ; and held in constant admiration by the physical terrors of the greater Alps, in the rock masses which impended over human habitation or journeying. The fall of the rocks themselves,—the “ Snowstorm, avalanche, and inundation,”—became at once chief subjects of his effort in explaining the relations of this vast and so often cruel, Nature to its children ; to himself, penetrating and contending with it as a traveller, the roads, and the diligence, were of constantly in-

¹ See note farther on, to No. 29. R.

creasing interest; and as the idea of the "Dover Mail" (No. 1 in my first group, Schooldays) rises gradually into the two studies of the stage-coach crossing Lancaster Sands, not always without peril,—so the post-chaise on the Splugen Pass, in the old Swiss print, remains to his last years the principal object of vital interest, in the Dazio Grande, No. 58, as in the Pass of Faido, 66; while, long before, it had risen into the imperilled diligence on the Cenis, of the Farnley drawing. I place now in succession,

7. R. PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE FARNLEY DRAWING OF LANCASTER SANDS.

A simple rendering of the daily facts, as he had seen them.

8. R. THE ENGRAVING FROM THE ENGLAND LANCASTER SANDS.

The full development of his central conception, quite one of the noblest of the England series, and admirably engraved by Mr. Brandard; and, lastly,

9. R. PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE FARNLEY PASS OF THE CENIS.

A quite magnificent drawing, though it always fretted me by its confusion in the foreground of the forms of rock with those of ice. But nothing can be finer than its rendering of the effect of a sudden whirlwind, entering with drift of the dry snow, like fire, over the low refuge on the left, and turning the diligence horses at once back in frantic terror, while those of the baggage cart refuse to stir, helpless to extricate it from its danger on the precipice side when the snow has given way.

Finally,

10. R. SOURCE OF THE ARVERON (Farnley Drawing),

Is his record of a similar storm coming down the Mer de Glace upon the valley of Chamouni, the shepherd and flock rushing to find shelter beneath the rocks which the pines, their branches torn half away, can give no longer.

These drawings of the violence of the Alps, concentrated at last in the picture, now in the National Gallery, of the rock with a couple of pines upon it, falling sheer through the air on a chalet roof, were seldom carried out with his best work. It was only when calm had succeeded the tempest, and its desolation was being hidden by new, though sorrowful life, that his entire thought and power was brought to bear on his work.

And now I must ask the reader's patience again—but more timidly—in reprinting here the passages in the last volume of "Modern Painters," which gives the meaning of the "Liber Studiorum," and of those now exhibited Swiss drawings, with the introductory passages (which I am particularly desirous should be re-read at this time) and their sequel in the close of the chapter; showing as they do, that the truths I have been endeavouring to teach during these last seven years in "Fors Clavigera" were as clearly established in my mind, and as strongly expressed, in the close of my first work, as they will be, with God's help, in whatever He appoints to be my last.

"Looking broadly, not at the destiny of England, nor of any country in particular, but of the world, this is certain—that men exclusively occupied either in spiritual reverie, mechanical destruction, or mechanical productiveness, fall below the proper standard of their race, and enter into a lower form of being; and that the true perfection of the race, and, therefore, its power and happiness, are only to be attained by a

life which is neither speculative nor productive;¹—that is to say—but essentially contemplative and protective which, (A), does not lose itself in the monk's vision or hope, but delights in seeing present and real things as they truly are; which (B) does not mortify itself for the sake of obtaining powers of destruction, but seeks the more easily attainable powers of affection, observance, and protection; which (C) finally, does not mortify itself with a view to productive accumulation, but delights itself in peace, with its appointed portion. So that the things to be desired for a man in a healthy state, are that he should not see dreams but realities, that he should not destroy life, but save it, and that he should be not rich, but content.”

“Towards which last state of contentment I do not see the world is at present approximating. There are, indeed, two forms of discontent: one laborious, the other indolent and complaining. We respect the man of laborious desire, but let us not suppose that his restlessness is peace, or his ambition meekness. It is because of the special connection of meekness with contentment that it is promised that the meek shall ‘inherit the earth.’ Neither covetous men nor the Grave can *inherit*² anything,³ they can but consume. Only contentment can possess.

¹ ‘Mechanically’ always to be understood; the ‘produce’ of the earth for daily bread, being always gleaned and stored to its last grain.

² These italics and those henceforward found, are put in this reprint to mark what I now wish especially to be noticed. I would not use them in my first text, which I intended to be read as a whole, with equal attention. But the then supplementary notes are now of so much more importance to the general public than the text, that I print them in the same type.

³ There are three things that are never satisfied, yea, four things say not It is enough: the grave and the barren womb,

"The most helpful and sacred work, therefore, which can at present be done for humanity, is to teach people (chiefly by example as all best teaching must be done) not how 'to better themselves,' but how 'to satisfy themselves.' It is the curse of every evil nation and evil creature to eat, and not be satisfied. The words of blessing are, that they shall eat and be satisfied. And as there is only one kind of water which quenches all thirst, so there is only one kind of bread which satisfies all hunger, the bread of justice or righteousness: which hungering after, men shall always be filled, that being the bread of Heaven, but hungering after the bread, or wages, of unrighteousness, shall not be filled, that being the bread of Sodom.

"And in order to teach men how to be satisfied, it is necessary fully to understand the art and joy of humble life—this at present of all arts or sciences being the one most needing study. Humble life,—that is to say, proposing to itself no future exaltation, but only a sweet continuance; not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore-sorrow, and taking no troublous thoughts for coming days: so, also, not excluding the idea of providence, or provision,¹ but wholly of accumulation;—the life of domestic affection and domestic peace, full of sensitiveness to all elements of costless and kind pleasure;—therefore, chiefly to the loveliness of the natural world.

"What length and severity of labour may be ultimately found necessary for the procuring of the due comforts of life, I do not know; neither what degree of refinement it is possible to unite with the so-called servile occupations of life: but this I

the earth that is not filled with water, and the fire that saith not It is enough.

¹ A bad word being only "foresight" again in Latin, but we have no other good English word for the sense into which it has warped.

know, that the right economy of labour will, as it is understood, assign to each man as much as will be healthy for him, and no more ; and that no refinements are desirable which cannot be connected with toil.

“I say, first, that due economy of labour will assign to each man the share which is right. Let no technical labour be wasted on things useless or unpleasurable ; and let all physical exertion, as far as possible, be utilized, and it will be found no man need even work more than is good for him.

“I cannot repeat too often (for it seems almost impossible to arouse the public mind in the least to a sense of the fact) that the root of all benevolent and helpful action towards the lower classes consists in the wise direction of purchase ; that is to say, in spending money, as far as possible only for products of healthful and natural labour. All work with fire is more or less harmful and degrading ; so also mine, or machine labour. They at present develop more intelligence than rural labour, but this is only because no education, properly so called, being given to the lower classes, those occupations are best for them which compel them to attain some accurate knowledge, discipline them in presence of mind, and bring them within spheres in which they may raise themselves to positions of command. Properly taught, a ploughman ought to be more intelligent, as well as more healthy, than a miner.

“Every nation which desires to ennoble itself should endeavour to maintain as large a number of persons as possible by rural and maritime labour (including fishing). I cannot in this place enter into consideration of the relative advantages of different channels of industry. Anyone who sincerely desires to act upon such knowledge will find no difficulty in obtaining it. I

have also several series of experiments and inquiries to undertake before I shall be able to speak with security on certain points connected with education; but I have no doubt that every child in a civilized country should be taught the first principles of natural history, physiology, and medicine; also to sing perfectly, so far as it has capacity, and to draw any definite form accurately, to any scale.

“These things it should be taught by requiring its attendance at school not more than three hours a day, and less if possible (the best part of children’s education being in helping their parents and families). The other elements of its instruction ought to have respect to the trade by which it is to live.

“Modern systems of improvement are too apt to confuse the recreation of the workman with his education. He should be educated for his work before he is allowed to undertake it; and refreshed and relieved while he practises it.

“Every effort should be made to induce the adoption of a national costume. Cleanliness and neatness in dress ought always to be rewarded by some gratification of personal pride; and it is the peculiar virtue of a national costume that it fosters and gratifies the wish to look well, without inducing the desire to look better than one’s neighbour—or the hope, peculiarly English, of being mistaken for a person in a higher position of life. A costume may indeed become coquettish, but rarely indecent or vulgar; and though a French *bonne* or Swiss farm-girl may dress so as sufficiently to mortify her equals, neither of them ever desires or expects to be mistaken for her mistress.

“I believe an immense gain in the bodily health and happiness of the upper classes would follow on their steadily endeavouring, however clumsily, to make the physical exertion they now necessarily take

in amusements, definitely serviceable. It would be far better, for instance, that a gentleman should mow his own fields, than ride over other people's.

"Again, respecting degrees of possible refinement, I cannot yet speak positively, because no effort has yet been made to teach refined habits to persons of simple life.

"The idea of such refinement has been made to appear absurd, partly by the foolish ambition of vulgar persons in low life, but more by the worse than foolish assumption, acted on so often by modern advocates of improvement, that education means teaching Latin, or algebra, or music, or drawing, instead of developing or "drawing out" the human soul.

"It may not be the least necessary that a peasant should know algebra, or Greek, or drawing. But it may, perhaps, be both possible and expedient that he should be able to arrange his thoughts clearly, to speak his own language intelligibly, to discern between right and wrong, to govern his passions, and to receive such pleasures of ear or sight as his life may render accessible to him. I would not have him taught the science of music; but most assuredly I would have him taught to sing. I would not teach him the science of drawing; but certainly I would teach him to see; without learning a single term of botany, he should know accurately the habits and uses of every leaf and flower in his fields; and unencumbered by any theories of moral or political philosophy, he should help his neighbour, and disdain a bribe.

"Many most valuable conclusions respecting the degree of nobleness and refinement which may be attained in servile or in rural life may be arrived at by a careful study of the noble writings of Blitzius (Jeremias Gotthelf), which contain a record of Swiss

character, not less valuable in its fine truth than that which Scott has left of the Scottish. I know no ideal characters of women, whatever their station, more majestic than that of Freneli (in 'Ulric le Valet de Ferme' and 'Ulric le Fermier'); or of Elise, in the 'Tour de Jacob;' nor any more exquisitely tender and refined than that of Aenneli in the 'Fromagerie,' and Aenneli in the 'Miroir des Paysans.' This last book should be read carefully by all persons interested in social questions. It is sufficiently dull as a tale, but is characterized throughout by a restrained tragic power of the highest order; and it would be worth reading, were it only for the story of Aenneli, and for the last half-page of its close.

"How far this simple and useful pride, this delicate innocence, might be adorned, or how far destroyed, by higher intellectual education in letters or the arts, cannot be known without other experience than the charity of men has hitherto enabled us to acquire.

"All effort in social improvement is paralyzed, because no one has been bold or clear-sighted enough to put and press home this radical question: 'What is indeed the noblest tone and reach of life for men; and how can the possibility of it be extended to the greatest numbers?' It is answered, broadly and rashly, that wealth is good; that knowledge is good; that art is good; that luxury is good. Whereas none of them are good in the abstract, but good only if rightly received. Nor have any steps whatever been yet securely taken,—nor, otherwise than in the resultless rhapsody of moralists,—to ascertain what luxuries and what learning it is either kind to bestow, or wise to desire. This, however, at least we know, shown clearly by the history of all time, that the arts and sciences, ministering to the pride of nations, have invariably hastened their ruin;

and this, also, without venturing to say that I know, I nevertheless firmly believe, that the same arts and sciences will tend as distinctly to exalt the strength and quicken the soul of every nation which employs them to increase the comfort of lowly life, and grace with happy intelligence the unambitious courses of honourable toil.

“Thus far, then, of the Rose. Last, of the Worm.

“I said that Turner painted the labour of men, their sorrow, and their death. This he did nearly in the same tones of mind which prompted Byron’s poem of ‘Childe Harold,’ and the loveliest result of his art, in the central period of it, was an effort to express on a single canvas the meaning of that poem. It may be now seen, by strange coincidence, associated with two others,—Caligula’s Bridge, and the Apollo and Sibyl; the one illustrative of the vanity of human labour, the other of the vanity of human life. The Cumæan Sibyl, Deiphobe, was, in her youth, beloved by Apollo; who, promising to grant her whatever she would ask, she took up a handful of earth, and asked that she might live as many years as there were grains of dust in her hand. She obtained her petition. Apollo would have granted her perpetual youth in return for her love, but she denied him, and wasted into the long ages,—known, at last, only by her voice.

“The Hesperid *Æglé* from whom this chapter is named, was the daughter of *Æsculapius*, by one of the daughters of the Sun. She is the healing power of Evening light. She is thus spoken of, with her three companions, Hesperids in the chapter on Turner’s Garden! Their names are, *Æglé*,—Brightness; *Erytheia*,—Blushing; *Hestia*,—the (spirit of the) Hearth; *Arethusa*,—the Ministering. O English reader! hast thou ever heard of these fair and true daughters of Sunset beyond the mighty sea?

"He painted these, as I said, in the same tone of mind which formed the 'Childe Harold' poem, but with different capacity: Turner's sense of beauty was perfect; deeper, therefore, far than Byron's; only that of Keats and Tennyson being comparable with it. And Turner's love of truth was as stern and patient as Dante's; so that when over these great capacities come the shadows of despair, the wreck is infinitely sterner and more sorrowful. With no sweet home for his childhood,—friendless in youth,—loveless in manhood,—and hopeless in death, Turner was what Dante might have been, without the 'bello ovile,' without Casella, without Beatrice, and without Him who gave them all, and took them all away.

"I will trace this state of his mind farther, in a little while, meantime, I want you to note only the result upon his work; how, through all the remainder of his life, wherever he looked, he saw ruin.

"Ruin, and twilight. What was the distinctive effect of light which he introduced, such as no man painted before? Brightness, indeed, he gave, as we have seen, because it was true and right; but in this he only perfected what others had attempted. His own favourite light is not *Æglé*, but *Hesperid Æglé*. Fading of the last rays of sunset, faint breathing of the sorrow of night.

"And fading of sunset, note, also, on ruin. I cannot but wonder that this difference between Turner's work and previous art conception has not been more observed. None of the great early painters draw ruins, except compulsorily. The shattered buildings introduced by them are shattered artificially, like models. There is no real sense of decay; whereas Turner only momentarily dwells on anything else than ruin. Take up the 'Liber Studiorum,' and observe how this feeling of decay and humiliation gives

solemnity to all its simplest subjects ; even to his view of daily labour. I have marked its tendency in examining the design of the Mill and Lock, but observe its continuance through the book. There is no exultation in thriving city, or mart, or in happy rural toil, or harvest gathering. Only the grinding at the mill, and patient striving with hard conditions of life. Observe the two disordered and poor farmyards, cart, and ploughshare, and harrow rotting away ; note the pastoral by the brook side, with its neglected stream, and haggard trees, and bridge with the broken rail, and decrepid children—fever-struck—one sitting stupidly by the stagnant stream ; the other in rags, and with an old man's hat on, and lame, leaning on a stick. Then the 'Hedging and Ditching,' with its bleak sky and blighted trees,—hacked, and bitten, and starved by the clay soil into something between trees and firewood ; its meanly-faced, sickly labourers—pollard labourers, like the willow trunk they hew ; and the slatternly peasant-woman, with worn cloak and battered bonnet,—an English Dryad. Then the 'Watermill,' beyond the fallen steps overgrown with the thistle : itself a ruin, mud-built at first, now propped on both sides ;—the planks torn from its cattle-shed ; a feeble beam, splintered at the end, set against the dwelling-house from the ruined pier of the watercourse ; the old millstone—useless for many a day—half buried in slime, at the bottom of the wall ; the listless children, the listless dog, and the poor gleaner bringing her single sheaf to be ground. Then the 'Peat Bog,' with its cold, dark rain, and dangerous labour. And last and chief, the mill in the valley of the Chartreuse. Another than Turner would have painted the convent ; but he had no sympathy with the hope, no mercy for the indolence of the monk. He painted the mill in the valley. Precipice overhanging it, and wildness of dark forest round ; blind

rage and strength of mountain torrent rolled beneath it,—calm sunset above, but fading from the glen, leaving it to its roar of passionate waters and sighing of pine branches in the night.

"Such is his view of human labour. Of human pride, see what records. Morpeth tower, roofless and black; gate of old Winchelsea wall, the flock of sheep driven *round* it, not through it; and Rievaulx choir, and Kirkstallcrypt; and Dunstanboro', wan above the sea, and Chepstow, with arrowy light through traced windows; and Lindisfarne with failing-height of wasted shaft and wall; and last and sweetest, Raglan, in utter solitude, amidst the wild wood of its own pleasance; the towers rounded with ivy, and the forest roots choked with undergrowth, and the brook languid amidst lilies and sedges. Legends of grey knights and enchanted ladies keeping the woodman's children away at sunset.

"These are types of human pride. Of human love: Procris, dying by the arrow; Hesperie, by the viper's fang; and Rizpah, more than dead, beside her children.

"Such are the lessons of the 'Liber Studiorum.' Silent always with a bitter silence, disdaining to tell his meaning, when he saw there was no ear to receive it, Turner only indicated this purpose by slight words of contemptuous anger, when he heard of any one's trying to obtain this or the other separate subject as more beautiful than the rest. 'What is the use of them,' he said, 'but together?' Turner appears never to have desired, from any one, care in favour of his separate works. The only thing he would say sometimes was, 'keep them together.' He seemed not to mind how much they were injured, if only the record of the thought were left in them, and they were kept in the series which would give the key to their meaning. I never saw him, at my father's house,

look for an instant at any of his own drawings : I have watched him sitting at dinner, nearly opposite one of his chief pictures,—his eyes never turned to it.

“But the want of appreciation, nevertheless, touched him sorely ; chiefly the not understanding his meaning. He tried hard one day for a quarter of an hour to make me guess what he was doing in the picture of Napoleon, before it had been exhibited, giving me hint after hint in a rough way ; but I could not guess, and he would not tell me.

“The meaning of the entire book was symbolized in the frontispiece, which he engraved with his own hand : Tyre at sunset, with the Rape of Europa, indicating the symbolism of the decay of Europe by that of Tyre, its beauty passing away into terror and judgment (Europa being the mother of Minos and Rhadamanthus).

“I limit myself in this book to mere indication of the tones of his mind, illustration of them at any length being as yet impossible. It will be found on examining the series of drawings made by Turner during the later years of his life, in possession of the nation, *that they are nearly all made for the sake of some record of human power*, partly victorious, partly conquered. There is hardly a single example of landscape painted for its own abstract beauty. Power and desolation, or soft pensiveness, are the elements sought chiefly in landscape ; hence the later sketches are nearly all among mountain scenery, and chiefly of fortresses, villages or bridges and roads among the wildest Alps. The pass of the St. Gothard, especially, from his earliest days, had kept possession of his mind, not as a piece of mountain scenery, but as a marvellous road ; and the great drawing which I have tried to illustrate with some care in this book, the last he made of the Alps with unfailing energy, was wholly made to show the surviving of this tor-

mented path through avalanche and storm, from the day when he first drew its two bridges, in the 'Liber Studiorum.' Plate 81,¹ which is the piece of the torrent bed on the left, of the real size, where the stones of it appear just on the point of being swept away, and the ground we stand upon with them, completes the series of illustrations on this subject, for the present, sufficiently; and, if compared with plate 80, will be serviceable, also, in showing how various in its grasp and its delight was this strange human mind, capable of all patience and all energy, and perfect in its sympathy, whether with wrath or quietness. Though lingering always with chief affection about the St. Gothard pass, he seems to have gleaned the whole of Switzerland for every record he could find of grand human effort of any kind; I do not believe there is one baronial tower, one shattered arch of alpine bridge, one gleaming tower of decayed village or deserted monastery, which he has not drawn; in many cases, round and round, again and again, on every side. Now that I have done this work, I purpose, if life and strength are spared to me, to trace him through these last journeys, and take such record of his best beloved places as may fully interpret the designs he left.

"I need not trace the dark clue farther, the reader may follow it unbroken through all his work and life, this thread of Atropos. I have not followed out, as I ought to have done, had the task been less painful, my assertion that Turner had to paint not only the labour and the sorrows of men, but their death. There is no form of violent death which he has not painted. Pre-eminent in many things, he is pre-eminent, also, bitterly, in this. Durer and Holbein drew the skeleton in its questioning; but Turner, like Salvator, as under some strange fascination or

¹ Drawing No. 66 in the Exhibition.

captivity, drew it at its work. Flood, and fire, and wreck, and battle, and pestilence ; and solitary death, more fearful still. The noblest of all the plates of the 'Liber Studiorum,' except the *Via Mala*, is one,¹ engraved with his own hand, of a single sailor, yet living, dashed in the night against a granite coast,—his body and outstretched hands just seen in the trough of a mountain-wave, between it and the overhanging wall of rock, hollow, polished, and pale with dreadful cloud and grasping foam.

"And remember, also, that the very sign in heaven itself, which, truly understood, is the type of love, was to Turner the type of death. The scarlet of the clouds was his symbol of destruction. In his mind it was the colour of blood. So he used it in the *Fall of Carthage*. Note his own written words—

'While o'er the western wave the ensanguined sun,
In gathering huge a stormy signal spread,
And set portentous.'

"So he used it in the *Slaver*, in the *Ulysses*, in the *Napoleon*, in the *Goldau*;² again and again in slighter hints and momentary dreams, of which one of the saddest and most tender is a little sketch of dawn, made in his last years. It is a small space of level sea-shore ; beyond it a fair, soft light in the east ; the last storm-clouds melting away, oblique into the morning air ; some little vessel—a collier, probably—has gone down in the night, all hands lost ; a single dog has come ashore. Utterly exhausted, its limbs failing under it, and, sinking into the sand, it stands howling and shivering. The dawn-clouds have the first scarlet upon them, a feeble tinge only, reflected with the same feeble blood-stain on the sand.

"The morning light is used with a loftier significance in a drawing made as a companion to the *Goldau*, engraved in the fourth volume. The *Lake of*

¹ No. 72 in the Exhibition.

² No. 65 in the Exhibition.

Zug,¹ which ripples beneath the sunset in the Goldau, is lulled in the level azure of early cloud; and the spire of Aart, which is there a dark point at the edge of the golden lake, is, in the opening light, seen pale against purple mountains. The sketches for these two subjects were, I doubt not, made from the actual effects of a stormy evening, and the next following day-break; but both with earnest meaning. The crimson sunset lights the valley of rock tombs, cast upon it by the fallen Rossberg; but the sunrise gilds with its level rays the two peaks which protect the village that gives name to Switzerland; and the orb itself breaks first through the darkness on the very point of the pass to the high Lake of Egeri, where the liberties of the cantons were won by the battle-charge of Morgarten.

"I will only point, in conclusion, to the intensity with which his imagination dwelt always on the three great cities of Carthage, Rome, and Venice,—Carthage in connection especially with the thoughts and study which led to the painting of the Hesperides' Garden, showing the death which attends the vain pursuit of wealth; Rome, showing the vain pursuit of power. Venice, the death which attends the vain pursuit of beauty.

"How strangely significative, thus understood, those last Venetian dreams of his become, themselves so beautiful and so frail; wrecks of all that they were once—'twilights of twilight!'

"Vain beauty; yet not all in vain. Unlike in birth, how like in their labour, and their power over the future, these masters of England and Venice—Turner and Giorgione. But ten years ago, I saw the last traces of the greatest works of Giorgione yet glowing, like a scarlet cloud, on the Fondaco de Tedeschi. And though that scarlet cloud (sanguigna

¹ Drawing No. 64 in the Exhibition.

e faimmeggiante, per cui le pitture cominciarona con dolce violenza a rapire il cuore delle genti) may, indeed, melt away into paleness of night, and Venice herself waste from her islands as a wreath of wind-driven foam fades from their weedy beach;—that which she won of faithful light and truth shall never pass away. Deiphobe of the sea,—the Sun God measures her immortality to her by its sand. Flushed above the Avernus of the Adrian lake, her spirit is still seen holding the golden bough; from the lips of the Sea Sibyl men shall learn for ages yet to come what is most noble and most fair; and, far away, as the whisper in the coils of the shell, withdrawn through the deep hearts of nations, shall sound for ever the enchanted voice of Venice.”

Thus far the last chapter but one of “Modern Painters.” It was written early in 1860; the entire volume being sent out to me in June to St. Martin’s, where I was then resting, chiefly for the sake of the gentians, lilies, and wild roses of the Aiguille de Varens (see first chapter of “Proserpina”). I went up thence to Chamouni, and there wrote “Unto this Last,” reading it, as it was finished, to the friend staying at the old Union Inn with me, Mr. Stillman.

And so my St. George’s work began, and Turner’s birthday took another significance to me; and his “Venice” also. I call it *his* “Venice,” for she was the joy of his heart, no less than his great teacher, The Alps brought him always sadness, but Venice delight. (He died, happily, before he saw what modern Venetians and English would make of her.)

It is a woful fault in this collection of mine, considered as illustrative of his life, that there are no Venetian sketches in it. I gave all I had to Cambridge and Oxford, not generously, but because to think of Venice now is mere misery to me. The sorrow of my work there, last year, was in great part

the beginning of the illness which in its culmination has been the cause of too much anxiety to my friends, as of their not easily to be acknowledged kindness.

The best representation, therefore, that I can here give them of Turner's Venetian work is (II. R.) the beautiful engraving by Mr. Miller of his picture of the

II. R. (A.) GRAND CANAL,

A picture which was itself a challenge to Canaletto, being nothing else than Turner's adaptation of the great Louvre picture of the "Church of the Salute," taken with entirely false and absurd perspective by Canaletto from its own steps. Turner changed the point of sight to the middle of the canal, corrected the perspective—showing that even at this greater distance the Dome could not possibly be represented on a vertical plane; and then threw his whole strength into the boats and water, which Canaletto could not paint at all.

There is no better representation of Turner's work by line engraving; the sky especially is exquisite, and was, when Mr. Miller left it, nearly a fac-simile of Turner's. The publisher of the plate, thinking he knew better than either Turner or Mr. Miller what a sky should be, had it all burnished down to make it "soft" and popular. This proof, though early, is yet only an intermediate state between the first perfect one and the final inanity. I have never seen but one proof of the plate in its original beauty.

II. R. (B.) The best fac-simile of Turner's work in skies, laid often with the palette-knife and then broken or graduated with the brush, is this plate, executed by Mr. Armytage, with consummate skill and patience, from the upper cluster of white clouds in the "Cemetery at Murano," lent me by its then possessor, Mr. Bick-

nell, of Herne Hill, my always kind neighbour. It was the most perfect of all the late Venices.

I have noticed elsewhere that Turner's later Venices, when introducing much architecture, were often spoiled by his leaving the buildings too white. This was a morbid result of his feeling that he never could get them bright enough in their relation to the blue or green of the sea, and black of the gondolas.

12. R. THE DUCAL PALACE.

My own study, made in 1874, of the colour of the Ducal Palace in morning sunlight, comes as near, I believe, to the actual facts of the relation between dark and light in the *architecture alone*, as attentive care can reach ; and it is wholly impossible to get the drawing of the finer details, unless in this delicate and literally true tone, for all the local darks, such as those of the nearer prison-pillars in this sketch, lose their relative power if the lights are put in deeper tone. But the moment sky is added to such a study as this, all its detail becomes ghostly and useless ; the eye then requires the relation between the nearer buildings and the light at the horizon, or between their shadows and the light of the blue above ; and all one's delicate work is lost.

But, besides, Turner had been grievously injured by his education in the principles of Eighteenth-century Classicism, and never had drawn Gothic architecture since his youth ; hence while the detail of the Salute porch is given with perfect intelligence, he does not represent the Gothic palaces on the left with the least accuracy. To represent them with completion would have been impossible, unless he had taken a year to the picture instead of a fortnight, which was, I doubt not, all he gave to it.

13. R. CASA CONTARINI FASAN (Oxford¹);

A sketch of my own in 1841, shows the main detail of a little piece in this group of houses in some completeness; but it would take a month to draw even this small group rightly; and it is totally beyond any man's power, unless on terms of work like Albert Durer's, to express adequately the mere "contents" of architectural beauty in any general view on the Grand Canal.

14. R. VIEW FROM THE FISH MARKET TO THE CA' FOSCARI. (1872.) (Oxford.)

15. R. VIEW FROM CA' BERNARDO TO CA' GRIMANI. (1876.) (Oxford.)

16. R. VIEW OF THE UPPER REACH OF THE GRAND CANAL, looking north and,—(given up in despair). (Oxford.)

17. R., 18. R., and 19. R., various beginnings on distant views of the city, may serve to give the reader some idea of the mere *quantity* which must be put into any faithful view of Venice.

And here I will venture to say a few words respecting the labour I have had to go through in order to make sure of my facts, in any statements I have made respecting either Architecture or Painting.

No judgment of art is possible to any person who does not love it, and only great and good art can be truly loved; nor that, without time and the most devoted attention.

Foolish and ambitious persons think they can form their judgment by seeing much art of all kinds. They see all the pictures in Italy;—all the architecture in the world—and merely make themselves as incapable of judgment as a worn-out Dictionary.

¹ Wherever the word "Oxford" is appended it signifies that the exhibit has been given by me to the University schools at Oxford.

But from my youth, I was protected against this fatal error by intense love for particular places ; returning to them again and again, until I had exhausted what was exhaustible (and therefore bad) and thoroughly fastened on the inexhaustible good. To have well studied one picture by Tintoret, one by Luini, one by Angelico, and a couple of Turner's drawings, will teach a man more than to have catalogued all the galleries of Europe ; while to have drawn with attention a porch of Amiens, an arch at Verona, and a vault at Venice, will teach him more of architecture than to have made plans and sections of every big heap of brick or stone between St. Paul's and the Pyramids. Farther, it is absolutely necessary that fine architecture should be drawn separately both in colour and in light and shade ;—with occasional efforts to combine the two, but always with utmost possible delicacy ;—the best work depending always on the subtlest lines. For instance in

20. R. STUDIES OF INLAID MARBLE WORK AT LUCCA.

The sketch on the left is the spring of two arches of an early thirteenth-century palace. The refinement of the little rose-moulding in the inlaid brickwork (compare rose-moulding in 20 R., porch of Amiens) and of the gradated spaces of radiation in the stones and curves of the Saracenic arch, require as much care in delineation as the petals of a living flower ; the border of the shield above (porphyry and black marble, inlaid in white), was too fine to be drawn at all, in the time I had ; and the curves of the hair and veil-border in the bas-relief below (from Santa Maria della Spina at Pisa) are as subtle as is an Etruscan statue. Now these qualities of a building can only be known by drawing it ; and it has become time for me now seriously to represent to my friends who

suppose over-work to have been the cause of my recent illness, that it is not the work, but the sorrowful interruptions of it, that overthrow me ;—and that they will now do me more grace by leaving me in quiet, to use in some consummation of purpose the materials collected during these last forty years, than by the most affectionate solicitude which requires me to answer letters, and divert my mind from the things it has hold of. With me, it is not grasping a thing, but letting it go, that does my brains mischief, and above all, I find it needful that henceforward I should decline endeavours to teach or advise, except through my books. The sense of responsibility involved in giving personal advice, and the time required to give it rightly, are entirely incompatible with any possibility for me of prolonged future work and life.

But having been compelled to speak thus much concerning myself, I think it may be well, in relation to the principal work I have now in hand, the founding of a school of drawing in Oxford, to show concisely the methods of work I have tried in vain, or used, with more or less advantage, from the time when I first began to care for colours and lines, up to the date when I painted the study of Amiens,—at which time I had made myself, so far as I can judge, up to a sufficient point, master both of the theory and practice of my business.

I began to learn drawing by carefully copying the maps in a small quarto Atlas, of excellent old-fashioned type, the mountains well marked (but not blackened all over like those in the modern Geological Survey), the names clear, not crowded—above all, not run across each other, nor to be gleaned, a letter at a time, when one can pick them up.

21. R. MAP OF FRANCE, and,

22. R. MAP OF AFRICA,

Are examples of many done by the time I was ten years old. These maps were a great delight to me; the colouring round the edges being a reward for all the tediousness of the printed names; the painting, an excellent discipline of hand and eye; and the lines drawn for the mountains and sea a most wholesome imitation of steady engraver's work. And it will be found that in the forthcoming number of *Fesolé*, I place map-making first among the elementary exercises which include subsequent colour; with certain geographical modifications in their construction, of which I may say in forestalment now, that every chief exercise map is to be a square of ten, fifteen, or thirty degrees—European countries mostly coming in squares of ten degrees, India and Arabia in squares of thirty—and the degree is to be divided always into sixty (so called) miles, of which great measure of longitude and latitude I hope my young students will form a sure practical estimate by often walking it.

23. R. (A.) Copies in pen and ink (common, both, not crow-quill nor Indian), from Cruikshank's vignettes to Grimm's German stories. Done to amuse myself. About the date of the map of France. They show curious accuracy of eye, and self-confidence, not having the slightest fear of being unable to carry out my full complement of subjects without making a mess. I place two proofs of the etchings themselves by them for comparison. I could not have had better teachers of line work.

23. R. (B.) CRUIKSHANK'S ETCHINGS.

Nothing in modern line work approaches these in pure, straightforward, unaffected rightness of method, utterly disclaiming all accident, burr, scrawl, or tricks of biting.

23. R. (C.) OLD-FASHIONED ENGRAVING.

From drawing by Richard Gastineau of the old water-colour; and beneath it

My first attempt at "composition from Nature," Mr. Gastineau's sky with my own "Dover Castle!" the latter done out of my head! All dark side and no shadow.

This was literally my first attempt at picture-making, at twelve years old. Infinitely stupid, but showing steady power and will to work.

23. R. (D.) BATTLE ABBEY. (Same date.)

My first study of Architecture from Nature, after much examination of what engravers call "têxture."

23. R. (E.) ETON.

Some feeling beginning to show itself in the ignorant work, when I was between thirteen and fourteen.

23. R. (F.) CHURCH AT DIJON. (Foundation poetically omitted!)

Example of architectural sketching on my first continental journey, when I was fourteen.

Always supremely stupid, but no shirking of work, till I got near the bottom; of the sorrowful absence of figures I will explain the reason presently.

23. R. (G.) A day's sketching, finished out of my head; between Arona and Domo d'Ossola on the same journey. Interesting to me now, in their proper economy of paper, their weak enthusiasm, and the fastening so early on the "rock at Arona," afterwards drawn for "Modern Painters."

23. R. (H.) HOTEL DE VILLE, BRUSSELS. (Oxford.)

Copy from Prout's wonderful drawing, in his sketches in Flanders and Germany. Made at home

(Herne Hill), with other such, to "illustrate" my diary of that first Continental Travel. Most wholesome discipline ;—the grey wash being now introduced when the pencil shade was impossible, but not carelessly or licentiously.

And better things should have come of such practice, but I got over-praised for the mechanical industry, and led away besides into other work, not fit for me. Had I been permitted at this time to put my whole strength into drawing and geology, my life, so far as I can judge, would have been an entirely harmonious and serviceable one. But I was too foolish and sapless myself to persist in the healthy bent ; and my friends mistook me for a "genius," and were minded to make me a poet—or a Bishop, or a member of Parliament. Had I done heartily and honestly what *they* wished, it had also been well. But I sulked, or idled, between their way and my own, and went all to pieces, just in the years when I ought to have been nailing myself well together. And the drawing especially came nearly to nothing : farther on in the series, will be found an example of it when I was sixteen :—the Oxford vacation sketches, made two years later, among the Yorkshire and Scottish Abbeys, contain some details which are even now of interest in illustrating the Turner outlines of the same subjects. I put them all together, under the head of 24. R., distinguishing them by letters only.

24. R. (A.) PETERBOROUGH (1837).

24. R. (B.) LITCHFIELD (1837).

Both these are accurate in the angles of the pinnacles and spires ; and express at least wholesome enjoyment in the richness of decorated English Gothic.

24. R. (C.) BOLTON (1837).

24. R. (D.) NEWARK (1838).

The year's progress is very clearly manifest ; some sense of light and shade now coming into the line work, and the masonry markings very good.

24. R. (E.) ROSLYN. Entrance porch (1838).

Trying to be very fine, and failing, of course ; but the shadows creditably even for point work.

24. R. (F.) ROSLYN. Interior—The Prentice Pillar—(1838).

Very much out of drawing, but I imagine the roof itself may have been warped a little. It is a rude provincial building, and has had many a rough wind to stand since those that sang the dirge for Rosabelle.

24. R. (G.) EDINBURGH. Lady Glenorchy's Chapel, looking to the Old Town and the Craigs (1838).

24. R. (H.) STIRLING (1838).

24. R. (I.) STIRLING (1838).

It might easily be thought, that I was partly imitating Turner's sketches in the foregoing series. But I never saw a Turner sketch till 1842 : and what correspondence there is in manner, results from what really was common to us both,—intense love of form, as the basis of all subject. I have never been able in the least to make either artists, or a fortiori the public, understand this in Turner :—and the engraving from him only increased the difficulty, for they continually gave reduced representations of his work, in which the drawing was necessarily missed. For instant example, look at the narrow dark side of the church tower in this

Splügen drawing with a magnifying glass. You will find the flanking pilasters of the Lombardic tower indicated all the way down, with a subtlety of drawing which explains at once its age and its style. But suppose the whole drawing reduced to the size of an octavo page, or less; and where would these markings be? The wonderful fac-simile by Mr. Ward of one of Turner's average sketches in his central time (32. R.), will show still better what I mean:—at present I pursue the course of my own—at this time very slow and broken progress.

The exhibition of David Roberts' Syrian sketches put me into a phase of grey washed work with lights of lemon yellow, which lasted till the winter of 1841: enabling me from the clear and simple system of it, to get some useful sketches in Italy in the winter of that year.

24. R. (K.) MARKET PLACE AT VERONA, (Oxford) and 13. R., already given, are examples of satisfactory memoranda made at this time, and finally,

24. R. (L.) CALAIS TOWN - HALL, BELFRY, AND LIGHTHOUSE (1842).

Shows the point I had got to when the first volume of "Modern Painters" was taken in hand; a creditable knowledge, namely, of what drawing and chiaroscuro meant; and a resolute determination to have ever so small a bit of my work right, rather than any quantity wrong.

Serious botanical work began that same year in the Valley of Chamouni, and a few careful studies of grass blades and Alpine-rose bells ended my Proutism and my trust in drawing things out of my head, for ever.

But the power of *delineation* natural to me, only became more accurate, and I carried on at the same

time separate outline and chiaroscuro studies, which few persons I believe, would imagine were by the same hand ;—and still less, that they were done contemporaneously.

25. R. (A.) OUTLINE FROM THE FRESCO OF THE SACRIFICE OF JOB, in the Campo Santo of Pisa ; and,

25. R. (B.) STUDY OUTSIDE THE SOUTH GATE OF FLORENCE, done within ten days of each other, show these two directions of study with definiteness,—and, had I but been able to keep myself clear of literature, and gone on doing what I then saw my way to,—well, perhaps I should have died of fever in an old cloister—or of sorrow for the loss of one before now :—and must make the best of what I am, crazy or *compos mentis*, as it may be.

But from this time forward, my drawing was all done that I might learn the qualities of things, and my sketches were left miserably unfinished, not in idleness,—but because I had to learn something else. The Venetian ones, for instance (14. R., &c.), ought all to have been full of boats. But to draw a Venetian boat ! (whether the “Sun of Venice” is going to sea, or occupying its place in a solar-system, or fixed stellar-system, in the Canal) is to begin another picture, and if of a market boat, generally with an elaborate fruit-piece on her deck, besides,—*e. g.*,

26. R. (A.) Upper subject, melons ; lower, mats and fish-baskets. Notes of colour merely (1845), to be corrected always by notes of curvature, such as

26. R. (B.) More hurried than the two last, but attending to quite other matters,—the angles of mast and rudder, and infinitely subtle curve of oar. If once one got into boat study, in fact, it was all over with

the architecture; and Turner loving the sea and ships of Venice more than her buildings—and wisely (for she, like Athens, had true wall and weapon, both, of wood) could not get time to draw his palaces. But he is the only painter who ever drew a gondola, or a sail, of Venice, with their *motion* in them.

It is curious (and what our modern school of gymnastic tourists will think of it I know not), that among the Alps, he shunned the upper snows, as at Venice the bright palace-walls; and drew only the great troubled and surging sea of the pastoral rocky mountains. But he felt always that every power of art was vain among the upper snows. He might as well have set himself to paint opals, or rubies. The Alps are meant to be seen, as the stars and lightnings are, not painted. All proper subjects for a painter are easily paintable; *if* only you can paint! Carpaccio and Sir Joshua can paint a lovely lady's cheek with no expense in strange colours; but none can paint the Snows of the Rosa at dawn.

But, besides, even the lower Swiss hills were a good deal more than his match, and that he well knew. Elsewhere, I have noticed his prudence in "counting their pines,"¹ or at least estimating their uncountableness! I did not understand his warning, and went insanely at them, at first, thinking to give some notion of them by sheer labour.

27. R. PASS OF THE CENIS, above St. Michel (1854 or 1856), (Oxford) was one trial of the matter.

The place itself, a glorious piece of Alpine wilderness, radiant with cascades and flowers among the forest glades—the modern traveller passes beneath it after some eighteen hours' night and morning travel,

¹ See "Mornings in Florence," the Strait Gate, p. 141.

in wearied looking out for the custom-house at Modane, and derives much benefit, doubtless, from the dews of morning on those wild-wood glens. But one couldn't draw them with pen and sepia, I found; nor even with one's best pains, in softer grey.

28. R. A PIECE OF THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE OF CHAMOUNI;
and,

29. R. CLIFF OF THE BAY OF URI,

Are examples of the best I could do, but still useless to express the pine beauty; this last, however, is of some value as a study of what one used to see in the old boating days, when one could dabble about like a wild duck at the lake shores. These cliffs are passed by the beatified and steam-borne modern tourist, about half a mile off, the whole range in some three minutes, and long before he has got his trunks seen after; and that important one found which he thought he had left at Fluelen.

I have endeavoured partly to describe the Bay of Uri, seen from this spot, in the chapter on the Pine in the last volume of "Modern Painters." What recent Historical associations are connected with the range of rocks themselves, the reader may see in the following passages,—alas! not fabulous these, (whatever modern sagacity may have made of the legend of Tell and of Grutli). (29. R. (B.) is a rapid note of the field of Grutli, seen under the Rothstok.)

"In the month of July the French commissioners and general ordered that the people should assemble in every canton in order to take the oath to the new constitution of the Helvetic republic one and indivisible, which had been proclaimed at Aarau. The small mountain cantons refused: they had sent deputies to Aarau, and had submitted to the new con-

stitution by force, after the capitulation of Schwyz, but they would not perjure themselves by swearing perpetual fidelity to an institution which they disliked. Schauenburg threatened to treat them as rebels. The forest cantons replied that 'they would willingly promise never to take up arms against the French republic, nor join its enemies. But our liberty is our only blessing, and the only thing for which we can ever be induced to grasp our arms.' Schauenburg repaired to Luzern with 15,000 men ready to invade the forest cantons. Schwyz and Uri wavered in their resolution, and the small canton of Unterwalden was left alone in the struggle. But even in Unterwalden (which is divided into two diminutive republics) the Oberwalden, or upper one, taken by surprise by the entrance of a French column, did not oppose any resistance, *and the Nidwalden alone, or lower division of the canton, which stretches along the banks of the Waldstätter lake*, stood in arms to repel the aggressors. The whole population of Nidwalden did not much exceed 10,000, of whom about 2,000 were able to bear arms. That such a district should attempt to resist the might of France appears madness: it was, however, a determination produced by a feeling of right and justice among men secluded from the rest of the world, who knew nothing of politics and its overbearing dictates. They had not injured anyone, why should others come to injure them? On the 9th September, 1798, the attack took place. Schauenburg had sent a column round by the Obwalden to attack the Nidwalders in the rear, while he embarked with another division at Luzern, and landed at Stanzstadt. The dispatch of Schauenburg, written on the evening of that day, furnishes a pithy account of the catastrophe. 'After a combat which has lasted from five of the morning till now, we have taken possession of the district of

Stanz. I grieve at the consequences of so severe a conflict: it has cost much bloodshed. But they were rebels, whom we must subdue.' And the following day, 10th September, he wrote again: 'I could succeed only by sending a column round by the Oberwald, while I attacked them at the same time by the lake. At six in the evening we were masters of this unhappy country, which has been pillaged. The fury of the soldiers could not be restrained; all that bore arms, including priests, and unfortunately many women also, were put to the sword. Our enemies fought desperately; it was the warmest engagement I ever was in. We have had about 350 wounded; we have lost several officers; but victory has remained with the *republicans*. All Unterwalden is now subdued.' The unfortunate Nidwalders who perished on that day were reckoned at 1500, the rest took refuge in the recesses of the higher Alps. All the cattle were carried off by the French—the houses and cottages were set on fire—fruit trees cut down; the pretty town of Stanz was burnt, Stanzstadt and Buochs shared the same fate. That district, a few days before so peaceful and happy, now exhibited a scene of horrible desolation. In the churchyard of Stanz a chapel has been built, consecrated to the memory of 414 inhabitants of that town, including 102 women and twenty-five children, murdered on the dreadful 9th September. The priest was saying mass in the church when the French rushed in: a shot struck him dead, and fixed itself in the altar, where the mark is still seen. On the road from Stanz to Sarnen is the chapel of St. Jacob, outside of which eighteen women, armed with scythes, leaning against the walls, defended themselves against a party of French soldiers until they were all killed."

Followed, as students of Christian war may remem-

ber, by the campaigns of Massena, the Archduke Charles, and Suwarrow.

“The details of this mountain warfare among the high Alps, in which Generals Lecourbe, Soult, and Molitor among the French, and Suwarrow and Hotze among the Russians and Austrians, distinguished themselves, are full of strategic interest. But the unfortunate mountain cantons were utterly ruined by this strange immigration of numerous armies of Russians, Austrians, and French, all living at free quarters upon the inhabitants, and committing many acts of violence. At the end of that campaign, one-fourth of the population of the canton of Schwyz was depending on public charity for support. In the valley of Muotta alone between 600 and 700 persons were reduced to a state of utter destitution. In the still poorer canton of Uri the same distress prevailed, in addition to which a fire broke out at Altorf, which destroyed the greater part of that, the chief town of the canton. The canton of Unterwalden had been already devastated the year before. In the valleys of the Grisons similar scenes took place; in that of the Vorder Rhein the inhabitants rose against the French on the 1st of May, 1799, killed a great many of them, and drove the rest as far as Coire. But the French soon received reinforcements, and overpowered that handful of mountaineers, upon whom they broke their vengeance, killing above 3,000 of them, and setting on fire the venerable abbey of Disentis. The inhabitants of the remote valley of Tavetsch, at the foot of the great Alps, were all butchered; the women were hunted down by the soldiers; four of them, being overtaken, threw themselves into the half-frozen lake of Toma, with their infants in their arms, and were shot at in that situation. This was on the 20th of May. The spot where their bodies were buried is still pointed out by the

guides.¹ During the winter of 1799—1800, the two hostile armies in Switzerland remained inactive ; the Austrians occupying the Grisons and the banks of the lake of Constance, and the French, under Lecourbe, having their head-quarters at Zurich, and being in possession of almost the whole of Switzerland.”

With detail of this kind Turner saw at once it was hopeless to contend, in complete pictures. His drawing of Farnley shows what he *saw* in *one* pine ;—the etching of the valley of Chamouni shows also that he had no hope of ever representing their multitudes. He did not even etch this subject himself ; the pines are mere conventional zigzags. Turner left them all veiled under the mezzotint, and put his strength into the stones, upper crags, and clouds.

In the Pass of the Splugen, just presented to me, the spectator must at once understand these two great and unconditional *surrenders* of his power in the Alpine presence. Upper snows, hopeless—pines, hopeless. What is there yet left to be done ? or shown ?

Well, one thing had to be shown, in which the majesty of the Alps was more concerned than in their pines or snows. That they had in some sort purified such human soul as had chanced to be shed from heaven upon them and strengthened such human will as had grown up among them from the ground.

And here I must leave my Splugen Pass again for a minute or two, and go back to his earlier Alpine work.

30. R. (A.) Is my FAC-SIMILE OF THE VIGNETTE OF THE DEAD HOUSE OF ST. BERNARD (now in America), for Rogers's "Italy." (Oxford.)

¹ Dandolo, *Lettere sulla Svizzera, Cantone du Grigioni*. Milan, 1829.

30. R. (B.) A traced outline from the original vignette, with the dogs added by Landseer. (Oxford.)
30. R. (C.) Mr. Ward's fac-simile of the vignette of the Monastery of the great St. Bernard, now in the National Gallery.

I am very glad to be able to show these studies, in order to correct the impression which has gone abroad that the figures in this vignette were not Turner's. Some one had found fault with the dogs, and Landseer sketched his "improvement" on the margin. But Mr. Rogers had the good sense to refuse the improvement. For Landseer had forgotten—what it was not in Turner's nature to forget—that the dogs, after they had dug down to the body and run back to the convent for help, would be *tired*, and would lie down as flat and close to the snow as possible. Look at the utter exhaustion of the couchant one by Turner, and the complacent, drawing-room-rug, pose of Landseer's.

This vignette of Mr. Ward's, by the way, 30. R. (C.), is a quite marvellous achievement in representing Turner's dashed blots of light water-colour, in fac-simile, by sheer labour. In my own copy, 30. R. (A), the stippling by which the forms are got is visible enough, but I think few eyes would be keen enough to know this of Mr. Ward's from the real drawing. And no lessons in water-colour whatsoever, now attainable by the British public for love or money, are comparable to one of these copies of the Italy vignettes—the pupil, of course, practising from them in the way they were originally done—outlining first with extreme care, and then, with brown and grey wash, coming as near Turner's total result as he can in half an hour;—for assuredly, from twenty minutes to half an hour was all the time that Turner gave to this drawing;—

But, mind you,—the twenty minutes to half an hour, by such a master, are better in result than ten years' labour would be—only *after the ten years' labour* has been given first: and while the pupil should copy these vignettes, that he may know what entirely first-rate work in water-colour *is*, he can only obtain a similar power in the proportion attainable by his own natural genius, if he rises towards it by Turner's own path—pure pencil drawing, of which more presently; meantime I must get back to the meaning of these two St. Bernard subjects.

You see how Turner leans in both of them on the Disconsolateness—loneliness—tragic horror of the place. I don't know if he ever passed it in winter himself:—whenever I have myself passed it the delight of spring or summer has been on the mountain ridge, and bossy tufts of *Silene acaulis* or dazzling blue of *Gentiana verna* shone round the sable and silver of the lake and its snows.

But Turner saw only the *Monastery*, in his heart, if not with his bodily eyes; the fact being that,—landscape painter though he was, exclusively, and “ridiculous as Turner's figures always are,” if you please,—he nevertheless did care for his landscape only for its inhabitants' sake;—living or dead. And the main emotion with him through all his life, is sympathy with the heroism and the sorrow of the living, and wonder and pity concerning the dead.

Of which passion in him this Splügen Pass, with its solitary tower on the rock, is a most notable, and in a sort conclusive expression, the chief of the four in which he “showed his hand,” and, if people could read it, his heart, about the Alps, when he went back to them in his old age. Look back to the list of the four, page 72 in the Epilogue to my first

notes. Three, you see, on Lake Lucerne ; Dawn on the Righi ; Morning on the bay of Uri ; Sunset on the Righi (*Regina* Montium in old times)—and this! the one nobody would buy, at first,—too grey and colourless to please, I suppose,—being indeed the expression not of Swiss Alps, but of the Grey Kingdom, “GRISONS,” where, in May time, 1424, “the abbot and all the lords of Upper Rhætia joined the deputies of the various valleys, and of the towns of Ilantz and Tuis, in an open field outside of the village of Trons, and there forming a circle round a gigantic maple tree, all of them standing, nobles, magistrates, deputies, and elders, swore, in the name of the holy Trinity, a perpetual alliance for the maintenance of justice, and the security of every one, without, however, infringing on the rights of any. The articles of the league which, to this day, rules that country, were then stipulated. This was called the *Grey league*, from the colour of the smocks which the deputies wore. By degrees it gave its name to the whole country, which was called Grisons, *Graubundten*, and that of Rhætia became obliterated. Such was the glorious covenant of Trons, one of the few events of its kind which can be recorded with unmixed satisfaction.”¹

And that is the meaning of the tall church tower upon the Rock of the valley, and of the fading light on the solitary Baron’s tower on the far-off crag ; just as in the Dudley, and Raglan, (32 and 71), his mind is set on the passing away of the baronial power in England.

¹ The venerable maple tree of Trons was still in existence at the close of the last century ; the diet of the Grey league was held every year under its shading branches until the epoch of the French invasion, when it was cut down and burnt amidst the general devastation of the country.

Not *quite* fallen yet, though ; thank Heaven!—I look upon the arrest of the Manchester Thirlmere plan by the House of Lords as the most hopeful political sign of the last ten years,—showing at last some perception by the English Lords of the Land and its Waters, what their power is, and their duty. On their full perception of which, and an iron-hearted (not iron-clad, still less iron-selling) maintenance and fulfilment of both, against the commercial mob, the country's safety at this crisis utterly depends ; as Carlyle told them, foreseeing it ten years ago¹—“This is the question of questions, on which all turns,—how many of our titular aristocracy will prove real gold, when thrown into the crucible”).

I must get back to my Splugen Pass ;—in which, you see, this question of direct water-supply from the Rock is also considered : not less of water supply from heaven, whether with gentle rain or condemning storm, in the Salisbury, 38 of first series, and two PAESTUMS, 31 R. (A.), and 31 R. (B.) (Oxford) of this series. (See note on 64. R.) But chiefly, Turner's mind was set, in this drawing, on the sympathy even of the Rocks themselves with the decline of all human power, in their own dissolution ; the fragments at the foot of this strong rock being only cloven pieces of its ancient mass, fallen, and for the most part, swept away,—and the dark plain being itself only the diffused wreck of the purple mountains that rise from it, rounded like thunder-clouds.

For the snowy-range in the distance, I can say little. The real contrast between rock and snow is given approximately in my sketch 32. R. (A.), Mont Blanc from St. Martin's ; but this contrast would have entirely destroyed all his power of expressing

¹ “ Shooting Niagara,” p. 25 of first edition, of 1867.

the middle distances. This following note on the deficiencies of all Turner's Alpine work, written yesterday in deprecation not merely of criticism by the Alpine Club, but by the less ambitious lovers of Switzerland, who care for her meadows more than for her glaciers, had like to have led me on into subjects of which I must keep clear for the present.

Brantwood, 30th May.

Neither snows,—nor pines,—in Turner's Switzerland! No—nor are these all that he refuses us. I have heard of other artists who avoided pines, and have known few who drew them affectionately. But there are no other trees, here on our Splügen Pass, of any kind. Not even an avalanche-torn trunk. Of wild chestnut glade among the rocks, of domestic walnut and cherry by the cottage,—nothing. The felicity of their abiding shade at its door,—the wealth of the wandering vine about its balconies,—unheeded by him; only these scratches in the shadow, scarcely intelligible, stand for the trimmed vineyard—necessary absolutely for indication of heat in the plains, and its lowest hills; see, however, foreground in photograph

32. R. (COIRE), showing how true his scratchy symbolism is.

No trees!—well, with our English prejudice, that there *are* none but in England, we might forgive him these; and the rather, considering what we are now making of our own greenwood, only a little north of Robin Hood's country.

33. R. PHOTOGRAPH of the vegetable types of modern English piety and prosperity—by Tyne-side. "His leaf also shall not wither, and look,—whatsoever he doeth it shall prosper." But if we ask no trees of him, are our concessions ended?

Alas,—no. Switzerland without snows, and without trees, is not yet desolate enough. She must even lose her flowers.

In the left-hand lowest corner of this Splügen drawing, there is a little blue circle, and a blue spot beside it, construable into the indication of two convolvulus blossoms.

Over the pedestal on the right, in the Isola Bella (16), is thrown a tendril of the same flower.

In the great Geneva (70), a few whitish spots may stand for hemlock, or the like. In the Arona, and the Italy, no vestige of flowers—and the trees black or brown against the sky!

Had he never seen Alpine roses—nor pinks, nor gentians, nor crocuses nor primulas? Had he never seen oleander, pomegranates, or orange? Instead of white orange blossom, he gives us black foliage, blossomless and fruitless, and a white—Bridge of Sighs! Instead of Alpine rose in morning light—only the purple of sunset on river mist, or its scarlet on clouds of storm.

Whose fault is it, I wonder,—his, or ours, good British public?

It can't possibly be ours, you think. "Don't we love flowers to that degree, that we can't so much as eat our mutton, but we must mix up the smell of roses with the smell of gravy and fat? And what sums do not we spend on our hot-houses! and has not the Horticultural Society built itself beautiful arcades; and has it not always the Guards and the Rifles to play beautiful tunes in honour of Horticulture? And don't we always see the dew of May in the morning, after dancing in time all night?"

Well, if it be not our fault, is it poor Peggy's fault, who hates the smell of roses! or is it—you will think I am going crazy again, if I tell you it is—in any

wise the fault of Mephistopheles and his company, who detest it more than Peggy, and have introduced the preferable perfumes of tobacco, sulphur, and gun-powder, for European delectation.¹

The truth of the matter lies deep and long ago. For this essential dislike of trees and flowers began precisely when Art was culminating, and Titian, and Veronese, and Vandyck, and Velasquez, care as little for flowers as Turner. My own impression is that the English Wars of the Roses did indeed end the power of the Rose, for *us*; that the wars of the Red and White Lilies ended the power of the Lily, for Italy;—and the death, this day, 30th May, four hundred and forty-seven years ago, of her own wild wood-flower of Dom-remy,—that of the Fleur-de-Lys for France. And since you have had your artists—Italian, French, and English—studious of anatomies, and putrescent substances of all kinds—but of leaves or flowers—no more.

But as for Turner—I can positively tell you, there was no possibility of his drawing flowers or trees, rightly, after he had once left Yorkshire for Rome. Michael Angelo's sprawling prophets, and Bernini's labyrinthine arcades wholly bewildered him, and dragged him into their false and fantastic world; out of which he broke at last, only in the strength of sympathy with human suffering; not again capable of understanding human simplicity and peace.

There was some indolence of age telling in the matter also, and whatever of disease or evil was in him, bodily or mental. All his failures and errors are chronicled, no less than his advanced knowledge and passion, in the Swiss drawings, and whatever the powers of this evil world had done upon him, is

¹ Compare the stanza of "Miss Kilmansegg," with the close of the second part of "Faust," and Palgrave's "Arabia."

enough shown in the transitions from the beautiful flock of goats with their skipping kids in the Nemi, to the black and white spots which do service for goats and sheep on this dusty road. The piece of foliage on the right hand in the "ARONA" is almost the last he ever did with care, but even the conventional crumbling work of the tree stems in that drawing is infinitely beautiful. I tried to translate it into pencil in the study 34. R., hoping thus to make it publishable in photograph for my pupils; but in vain, this and other such efforts manifold; for I find the photograph refuses to translate pencil drawing, and I cannot work in chalk or sepia up to the required fineness. And now once more—and for the last time, as the most important thing for the reader to notice—I beg him to convince himself of this quality of fineness in Turner's work. Unless his own eyes are fine indeed, he simply cannot see a Turner drawing at all; my own are already too much injured by age and sickness to see the effect of the lines in the dark side of the tower (above-mentioned), or of the dark stippling in the distant plain; nor can I see now without a lens even the detail of the drawings I made from the year 1854 onwards, to illustrate the towns of Switzerland. I spent the summers of some half-dozen years in collecting materials for etchings of Fribourg, Lucerne, and Geneva, but had to give all up,—the modern mob's madness destroying all these towns before I could get them drawn, by the insertion of hotels and gambling-houses exactly in the places where they would kill the effect of the whole.

Look at the photograph of Coire, for instance. You can scarcely see its tall Grison tower though white against the plain; it is a mere appendage now of the hotel ("Stein-bock"—is it?—I can't quite make out the letters on the right of its balcony)—haggard yet in newness of erection; and of what

avail is the glittering of the feeble snow among those upper pines, against the glare of the new lodging-house?—I can't make drawings of towns thus disfigured, any more than I could of a beautiful face with a false carnival nose : and my six years' work has gone pretty nearly for nothing.

It may amuse the reader, I hope it will also make him a little sorrowful for me, to compare my boy's drawing of the SWISS BADEN, 35. R., made when I was sixteen, with the hard effort to get it right, in 36. R. —coloured only in a quarter of it before the autumn leaves fell—then given up—cut into four—now pasted together again to show how it was meant to be ;—or my boy's drawing of FRIBOURG, 37. R. (Oxford), with my pen and ink, beginning on the hill chapel in its distance, thirty years afterwards, 38. R. The old-fashioned engraving beneath, of the same place, is not without its lesson.

39. R. (A.) SPIRE AND ANGLE WINDOW AT ZUG is an exemplary little bit of pencil study (1854 or 1856), with careful note of the foliation and bottom of the bracket of the window. It will bear a lens, though the coronet over the two shields in the front panel should have been clearer.
39. R. (B.) Upper subject, TWISTED SPIRE, VILLAGE NEAR BRIEG, (Valais) 1876 ; middle, TOWERS AT BADEN—1863 ; lower, at VERONA, 1876, show what I have finally adopted in manner of pencil drawing ; and I believe my pupils will find it a satisfactory one, for rendering the essential qualities of form.
40. R. LUCERNE, is one of the outlines of general view, such as I meant to join these studies into. All little better than waste paper, now. Compare 44. R. for method of outline.

41. R. FRA GIOCONDO'S BRIDGE AT VERONA, with Albert della Scala's tower at the end of it,—enlarged studies of the weeds on the nearer buttress, and the water under the nearer arch, below.

42. R. COLOUR STUDY of the other side of the same bridge (beginning only). The two together may perhaps give some idea of what bridges used to be before they were changed by modern art into brittle gridirons, with blinkers at the sides to keep you from seeing the river, unless you are dropped into it and burnt to prevent you being drowned.

43. R. NARNI, with its *two* bridges, the fragment of the Roman one, Turner's subject, seen between the tree stems on the right. The nearer, fourteenth century carried away partly by a flood of the Nar, and repaired, but long ago, with wholesome and safe wood-work.

44. R. BRIDGE OF LAUFFENBOURG. Woodwork here original,—grand old Swiss carpentry. I got into a great mess with my rocks in this drawing ; but it is a valuable one in bare detail. For the gneiss, and its curious weeds, they were hopeless, unless I had gone at them as in the next subject.

45. R. (A.) GNEISS, with its weeds, above the stream of Glen-Finlas (Oxford). Old drawing of "Modern Painters' " time (1853), which really had a chance of being finished, but the weather broke ; and the stems in the upper right-hand corner had to be rudely struck in with body colour. But all the mass of this rock is carefully studied with good method.

45. R. (B.) WILD STRAWBERRY BLOSSOM ;—*one* of the weeds of such a rock, painted as it grew. (Recent lesson for my Oxford schools.)

46. R. OLD SKETCH OF GNEISS with its weeds, in colour. (Chamouni). I have been promising myself these last thirty years to do one bit of rock foreground completely, with its moss and lichen inlaying ; but the golden brown of the moss always beat me. I may yet do it, I think, in a measure, if I can only get some peace.

47. R. GNEISS CLEAVAGES. Study at the Montanvert.

48. R. GRANITE CLEAVAGES. Aiguille Blaitière. The centre of this drawing was engraved for "Modern Painters ;" and I was led at that time into a quantity of anatomical work on mountains, of which the service, if any, is yet to come, for I don't think the public ever read the geological chapters in "Modern Painters." But now, with the three drawings before them, 58, 66, and the Splugen, they may be interested a little in seeing how important the lines of diagonal cleavage had become in Turner's mind, as the origin of the most noble precipice forms. See the parallel lines in the foreground of 58 ; the sloping chasm in the distance of 66 ; and the precipice under the church in the Splugen, with its lines carried forward, by the rocks in dissolution below.

But I lost much artistic power through the necessity of making these geological studies wholly accurate, without allowing aërial or colour effect to disturb them ; and indeed it was not until the year 1858 that hard work under Veronese and Titian forced me to observe the true relations between line and colour. But, to my amazement, the conclusive lessons on these matters were given me, not by Venetians, but by the three Florentines, Botticelli, Giotto, and—name despised of Artists!—Angelico. So that I have been forced to call the lesson-book on which I am now working *The laws of Fesolé*. The genius

of Carpaccio in Venice was a distinct one, and never formed a school. But the studies I made last year from his pictures of the life of St. Ursula, and two fragments from Assisi, will serve to show the final manner of work in which I am endeavouring to lead my Oxford pupils.

49. R. STUDY OF FURNITURE AND GENERAL EFFECT IN CARPACCIO'S PICTURE OF ST. URSULA'S DREAM.

The original picture is, I think, a quite faultless example of the unison of right delineation with right colour. On this small scale I could not attempt more than the indication of the details, but good photographs of the picture itself are now published by Messrs. Naya at Venice, and I think these coloured here at Coniston, by my patient friend Mr. Gould, from this drawing, very desirable possessions at their moderate price.

50. R. FRAGMENT STUDIED FROM CARPACCIO'S PICTURE OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF ST. URSULA.

I broke down here over the canopy and Bishop's robes, quite inimitable pieces of decorative work. What Carpaccio puts into his decoration may be seen in Mr. Murray's drawing, next following.

51. R. LOWEST COMPARTMENT OF THE BORDER OF THE HIGH-PRIEST'S ROBE, IN CARPACCIO'S PICTURE OF THE PRESENTATION. Size of original. Study by Mr. Fairfax Murray.

52. R. MARTYRDOM OF ST. URSULA.

Old engraving from Carpaccio's picture. Good and legitimate old-fashioned work as engraving; without the slightest power of expression, or endeavour to represent chiaroscuro. (On which point, see my *Ariadne Florentina*, pp. 72, 73, and 91.)

53. R. MARTYRDOM OF ST. URSULA.

Study from the central portion of this picture, and a most admirable one ; by Mr. Fairfax Murray. I hold this drawing among the most valuable I have been enabled to present to my Oxford school.

54. R. OLD ENGRAVING from Carpaccio's picture of St. Ursula and her Bridegroom before the Pope.

55. R. PART OF THE DISTANT PROCESSION, in this picture, sketched by Mr. F. Murray. Showing its true harmonies of chiaroscuro and colour. (For some description of the picture itself, see my first supplement to St. Mark's Rest.)

56. R. BLIND LOVE, DEATH, AND ANGER, driven from the presence of Chastity. Lowest corner of the northern fresco by Giotto, over the tomb of St. Francis at Assisi. Sketch by myself, in 1874, to show Giotto's power in colour ; unrivalled when he chooses to use it.

57. R. PART OF THE CLUSTER OF ROSES ROUND THE HEAD OF GIOTTO'S POVERTY. Real size from the eastern fresco of the same quadripartite vault. Study by myself in 1874.

58. R. PORCH OF AMIENS, sketched in 1856, showing the original rose-moulding, replaced now by a modern one, improved according to modern French notions of what thirteenth-century design ought to have been : as also the paintings in the Sainte Chapelle. (Oxford.)

59. R. PART OF THE FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL, LUCCA ; (1874). (Oxford.)

60. R. PART OF THE APSE OF CATHEDRAL OF PISA (1872). (Oxford.)

This sketch has been before exhibited ; but with-

out my having directed attention to the subtlety of the arch curves, intersections of the horizontal curve of the circular apse with stilted Saracenic curves widening the voussoirs as they spring ; compare the spring of the arch in 20. R.

These drawings will be enough to give my friends, known and unknown, a clear idea of the various efforts which, especially of late, have been necessary to form the foundations of my literary work. I do not find that my recent illness has seriously impaired my powers of quietly using these materials as I intended : but it has made me, at all events, incapable of turning my mind to any matters involving difficulty of deliberation, or painful excitement. Unable therefore now to carry forward my political work, I yet pray my friends to understand that I do not quit it as doubting anything that I have said, or willingly ceasing from anything that I proposed : but because the warning I have received amounts to a direct message from the Fates that the time has come for me to think no more of any Masterhood ; but only of the Second Childhood which has to learn its way towards the other world.

NOTES RESPECTING FUTURE USES OF ENGRAVINGS.

THIS catalogue has already reached length far more cumbrous than I intended ; but I must yet find room for a few paragraphs in small print, taken from the Appendix to *Ariadne Florentina*, respecting the possible future uses of engraving.

" I will not lose more time in asserting or lamenting the mischief arising out of the existing system : but will rapidly state what the public should now ask for.

" 1. Exquisitely careful engraved outlines of all remaining frescoes of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries in Italy, with so much pale tinting as may be explanatory of their main masses ; and with the local darks and local lights brilliantly relieved. The Arundel Society have published some meritorious plates of this kind from Angelico—not, however, paying respect enough to the local colours, but conventionalizing the whole too much into outline.

" 2. Finished small plates for book illustration. The cheap wood-cutting and etching of popular illustrated books have been endlessly mischievous to public taste : they first obtained their power in a general reaction of the public mind from the insipidity of the lower school of line engraving, brought on it by servile persistence in hack work for ignorant publishers. The last dregs of it may still be seen in the sentimental landscapes engraved for cheap ladies' pocket-books. But the woodcut can never, educationally, take the place of serene and accomplished line engraving ; and the training of young artists in whom the gift of delineation prevails over their sense of colour, to the production of scholarly, but small plates, with their utmost honour of skill, would give a hitherto unconceived dignity to the character and range of our popular literature.

" 3. Vigorous mezzotints from pictures of the great masters, which originally present noble contrasts of light and shade. Many Venetian works are magnificent in this character.

" 4. Original design by painters themselves, decisively engraved in few lines—(not etched) ; and with such insistence by dotted work on the main contours as we have seen in the examples given from Italian engraving.

"5. On the other hand, the men whose quiet patience and exquisite manual dexterity are at present employed in producing large and costly plates, should be entirely released from their servile toil, and employed exclusively in producing coloured copies, or light drawings, from the original work. The same number of hours of labour, applied with the like conscientious skill, would multiply precious likenesses of the real picture, full of subtle veracities which no steel line could approach, and conveying, to thousands, true knowledge and unaffected enjoyment of painting; while the finished plate lies uncared for in the portfolio of the virtuoso, serving only, so far as it is seen in the printseller's window by the people, to make them think that sacred painting must always be dull, and unnatural."

Under the second head, in the above statement, I ought more specially to have mentioned flower and animal engraving in perfection. The two plates, 61. R., and 62. R., from the *Flora Danica*, published a hundred years ago, will show at once what loving and tender engraving can do in plant-illustration. But that of birds and animals has yet to begin; and I hope that a public demand for careful picture of them, will arise out of the increasing public desire for their more kindly treatment.

And under the first head, of engraved outlines, I ought to have expressed my strong conviction that for educational purposes, (and not less for the most refined pleasure to advanced students) engraving, from Turner outlines, with pale tints for his greys, and afterwards coloured by hand, would be worth far more to the purchaser than the most finished plates.

63. R. and 64. R. will sufficiently show what I mean. I do not remember if these are Mr. Ward's copies or Miss Jay's: (both have executed work for me which has been a delightful possession), but see how much may be learned from each of these, of essential Turner composition.

63. R. is the market-place at Louviers; and has of course interested Turner chiefly for the elephantine mass of Gothic rising above it. This, however, was painful and defective by the meagreness of its square tower,—so Turner hangs out the signboard on the left to out-square it, and a wriggling bit of iron above to contrast with it. He trebles this sign, downwards, in harmony with the horizontal divisions of the church: then he puts his black vertical figures to carry down the richness of its apse—hide them, and see how the apse also seems to disappear! Then with his pair of horses and postilion, he repeats the too isolated form of the whole church and its spire, and with his scattered black dots on the right overpowers the formalism of the shop doors and windows beyond.

Carefully engraved from the original, printed on grey paper,

and touched with white by hand, this entire sketch might be, to all intents and purposes, multiplied indefinitely.

64. R. (Study for the large drawing of Saumur, copied, I think, by Miss Jay). Infinitely more instructive to *me* than the large drawing itself. The grand masses of the buildings given in fearless implicity: their formalism taken up, reflected, and conquered by the flat top of the huge pier in front: the massy stones of the near wall on the right by their perspective lines completing the distance of all; and the stripes of the boat in the centre taking up and conquering their formality.

Of course, neither these, nor, a fortiori, the more delicate pencil outlines which are still more valuable as elementary lessons, could be rendered without the recovery of the old Italian method of work, of which I myself possess only one example—and that a singularly unattractive one, 65. R. But it shows sufficiently how the most delicate pencilling may be rendered on metal.

On the other hand, Turner's finished colour work can only be represented by coloured copies, faithfully executed by hand. All the aid which it has been thought he gave to the engraver in translating colour was merely changing his own picture into a chiaroscuro study instead; and too often, scratching it all into white spots to make it "sparkling." The best engravings are those which pretend least to effect, and dwell on what they can efficiently render, delineation. The four I have chosen,—66. R. to 69. R., this last an exquisite proof with Turner's added bramble-leaves in the foreground, in his own lovely pencil-touching,—show what has been nobly and beautifully done by modern engraving of this kind. For light and shade, mezzotint only should be used. The two states of Turner's unpublished plate of Paestum, 31. R., A. and B., show better than the finished plates of the *Liber*, how much artists themselves might accomplish, by the use of this certain method instead of the laborious accidents of etching.

APPENDIX.

NOTES BY THE REV. W. KINGSLEY ON THE TURNER DRAWINGS.

HAVING for very many years enjoyed the intimate friendship of Mr. Ruskin, and being familiar with the collection of drawings exhibited, I venture to add a few words to his descriptions which have been so sadly cut short by his illness. I know how much good this exhibition of Turner's drawings with Mr. Ruskin's notes in the hands of those who look at them may do, and therefore I consider it a duty to add what I feel assured Mr. Ruskin himself would have accepted as materials for further notes, and the mention of my name by him in what he has written tends to remove the scruples that naturally arise in adding to his work at a time when his permission cannot be asked.

Magnificent as this collection is, it is far from what it would have been had Mr. Ruskin not been magnificently generous. His gifts to Oxford and Cambridge contain some of the very best drawings he ever possessed, and the generosity must be measured not by the money value which is in itself very large, but by the admiration and love in which he held them.¹

¹ *Able now to thank, and very earnestly, my old friend for these added notes, of extreme value to myself no less than to the present students of Turner. I should yet scarcely have passed this paragraph, unless it had given me pleasant occasion to note that the "Mossdale Fall" at Cambridge, and the Lowther sketches at Oxford were originally Mr. Kingsley's own gifts to me, parted with as, indeed, the best educational drawings in my collection.*

NOTES ADDED.

No. 6. BOAT BUILDING. I copied this drawing carefully nineteen times and by that labour learned it well. Examine the rings round the inside of the boat and the cleats for the oars, each is a separate study. The tools in the carpenter's hands and on the bench are portraits. See also the footprints the men have left on their way from the boat. In the vessel on the right the block on the yard has the halyard through it. The colours used are only Prussian blue, light red, raw umber, and black. Turner took care to learn how much could be got out of such simple colours before he ventured on using more ; and in his most brilliant effects there is no difficulty in matching the colours used : the colour box exhibited contains only the old-fashioned paints manufactured by Sherborn.

No. 14. The National Gallery Fort Rock was found after Turner's death, blocking up a window in an outhouse, placed there no doubt to save window tax.

No. 25. See "Elements of Drawing."

No. 28. This drawing was one of two given to a nephew of Mr. Fawkes to take with him to Eton ; one he cut in two, and this, having got dirty, he washed, which accounts for the stains and want of light in the distance and sky. Miss Charlotte Fawkes copied the drawing when fresh, and her copy now proves how serious is the damage done.

No. 29. Yes, it is at Farnley as is also the No. 30. Mr. Fawkes lost his wife about this time, and the black dress is probably due to this cause, the tone of the drawing being due to this rather than the colour of the dress being suited to that of the drawing.

No. 40. Yellow comes forward and I believe it is not possible to get the colour of such a sky true and at the same time preserve the transparency and distance. But in the series of the England and Wales Turner painted many skies with thorough transparency,

and he could afford to sacrifice an effect in any individual drawing, realizing that effect in another.

No. 50. Turner told me that he and Callcott had a certain number of the Bible sketches to realize between them : they agreed to pick them alternately, drawing lots for first choice. Callcott won the choice and selected at once a sketch of Ararat ; the sketch of the Pools of Solomon was left to the last, and Turner said he kept it on his breakfast table for a month before he could make up his mind how to treat it.

Look at the pennon wrapped round the mast of the boat, at the top you see the inside of the whorl and the sunlight coming through the cloth ; such little bits of truth prove both the amount of study and his intense memory and imagination in making use of such details.

No. 51. The depth, transparency, and luminousness of the sky against sunlighted buildings are wonderful.

No. 56. I have no doubt of chalk being the base of the body colour of this drawing.

No. 62. See "Elements of Drawing."

No. 64. Look quietly at this drawing for a little time and I think you will feel that it is not too blue, but does most truly give the effect of the instant before the sun appears over a mountain. Before you venture to criticise it be sure that you have watched one hundredth of the sunrises Turner studied.¹

No. 105. Look at the execution of the edges of the feathers, the filaments are expressed by the same stroke of the brush that defines the form, and gives the gradation. This is easily seen on the tail, but the same thing is done over and over again throughout the drawing, with absolute certainty of touch.

¹ (*Quite right, my dear old friend ;—just what I wanted to say of it, but hadn't time.—J. R.*)

No. 122. Compare the engraving of the England drawing of the Malmesbury; he must have remembered this early sketch through all the intervening years.

Page 76, No. 4. The Lucerne is now in the possession of Mr. Newall of Ferndene, Gateshead-on-Tyne. Turner's work may be broadly divided into three periods: the first that of wonder and delight in the beauty of natural scenery as first seen; the second that of looking at nature for the purpose of making pictures; and the last the "recording" as far as he could what he saw after nearly fifty years of observation. His worst work is to be found in the second period; he tried to please the public, and false and cruel criticism made him at times low-spirited and at others defiant, and it was only very late in his life that he put forth his full strength to depict nature as he saw it with all his knowledge and experience. He himself told me that he did not like looking at his own work "because the realization was always immeasurably below the conception," and again to use his own words "he considered it his duty to record" certain things he had seen; and so in these late Swiss drawings he felt that he could only "record" imperfectly the effects of nature, but he did his best with all his acquired knowledge and power to tell what he had seen. There is so much in these drawings that each requires many pages to describe the ideas expressed. One quality, that of colour, must surely be felt by every one whose colour-sense is not dead; for purity, intensity, and harmony they cannot be surpassed; nothing short of opal can go beyond the Fluelen. But for the rendering of natural facts and for the poetry it is hopeless for any one to criticise them who has not in some degree the mental penetration and grasp of Turner, and an imagination almost as vivid. No greater nonsense can be uttered than the story of Turner's saying that Mr. Ruskin saw things in his pictures that he himself had not thought of.¹ By anything like

¹ *I'm so glad of this bit. Nothing ever puts me more 'beside myself'—though a good many things have produced that effect lately—than this vulgar assertion.*

a full rendering of a natural scene ideas will be caused in the spectator like those the actual scene would have excited, and so thoughts may arise in the mind of any one in looking at a good picture which really belong to the picture but which had not been dwelt on definitely by the painter. Had anything like this been the burden of the story it might have been credible; but it must have been invented for the purpose of disparaging both Turner and Ruskin by some one who knew neither.

Now Turner's work differs from that of all other Landscape painters especially in this:—that his knowledge and imagination enabled him to grasp at once with the leading subject a vast amount of details all in keeping and all perfectly clear and defined in his own mind; the apparent vagueness of his late work is due to his effort to represent as far as possible the infinite delicacy of gradation and endless detail of nature, and not to any want of clearness in idea or want of power. The Landscape painters of the present school are quite right in painting only what they see, and with definite purpose of detail, but they fail through representing nature as if it contained no more detail or gradation than they express; the very clearness of the work showing at once the want of keen observation and of real imagination; and although Turner did not sacrifice truth to mere beauty, he always saw beauty in nature; terrible his works may be at times, but never ugly. It is well also to observe that Turner in his figures takes care to express clearly their action, but is well aware of the danger of allowing a figure to draw away the attention from the subject of the Landscape.

These late Swiss Drawings bear about the same relation to his early work that Beethoven's Choral Symphony does to one of the simple movements of his early Piano Forte Sonatas, and should be looked at with the respect and reverence due to one who was doing his best to tell what he had seen and loved, at the end of a long life spent in the most industrious study of nature: the early drawings in this collection are enough to prove the power and refinement of hand and eye, and the nineteen thousand and odd sheets of paper covered with studies in the National Gallery speak for his industry.

I will end what I have added to these notes by repeating what he once said to me, because I have found his words to be

amongst the soundest and truest I have ever heard, and also because they apply but too sadly at the present moment to one to whom we all owe much. I had made the remark that the want of power in a certain painter to depict what was not before him showed a want of genius, Turner said vehemently, "I know of no genius but the genius of hard work."

W. KINGSLEY.

South Kilverton.

THE ENGRAVED WORKS
OF
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